

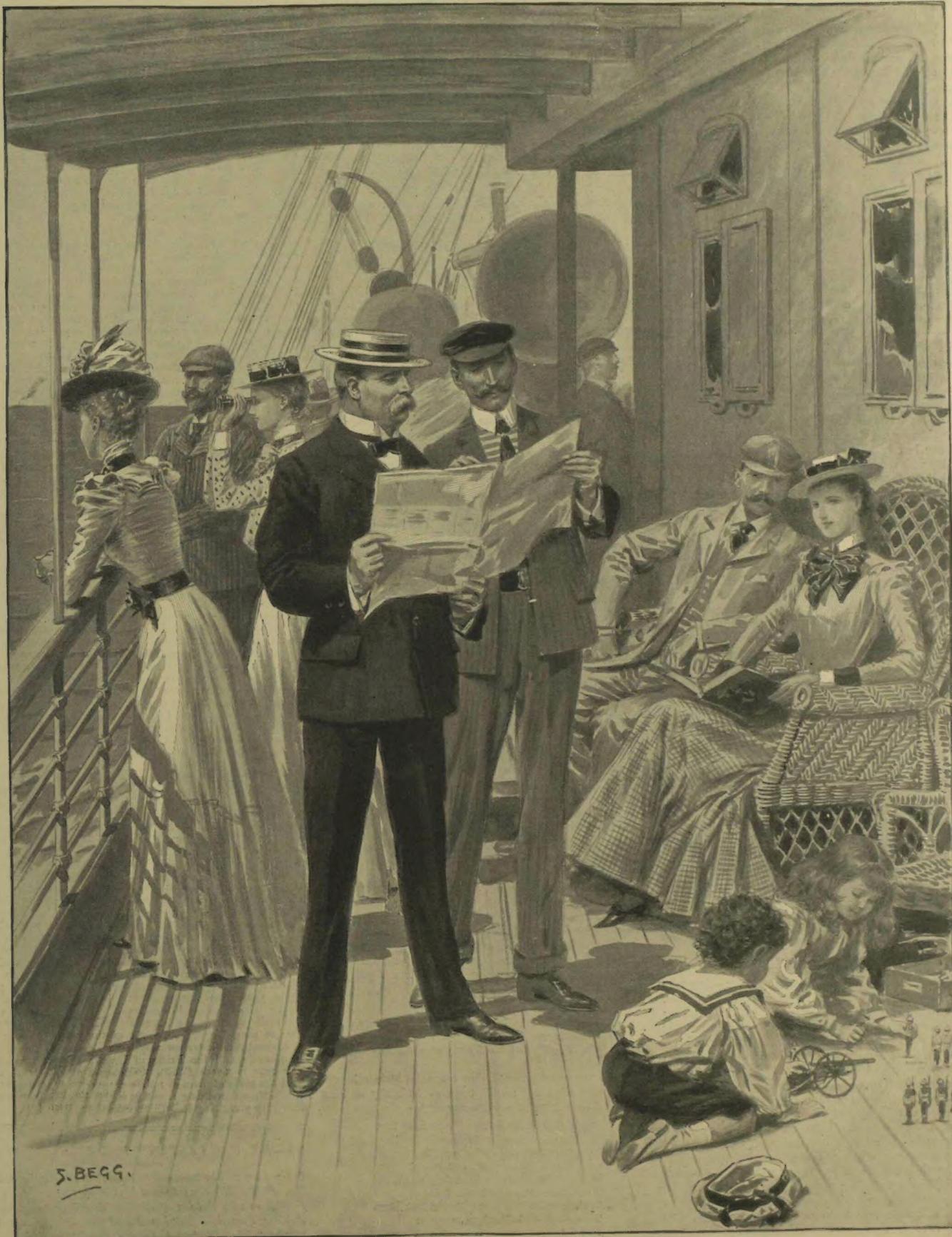
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



BRITISHER AND BOER: MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH AND PRESIDENT KRUGER'S COUSIN DISCUSSING THE CRISIS ON BOARD THE UNION LINER "NORMAN."

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior, on his Way to the Front.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I don't know whether ladies ever read the proceedings at diocesan conferences; if not, I would command to their notice something that happened lately at Worcester. The inevitable curate question came up: how to provide curates (rather easy), how to provide for curates (quite another pair of shoes), how to keep curates from marrying when there's barely enough to keep the curate from starving. A Local Government Board inspector proposed a resolution: it doesn't matter, for it is never the resolution that counts, only what is said about it and around it. The proposer was very explicit. He said the economic reasons against early marriage in general applied to curates with tenfold force. (I am not sure whether this was a hint at the possible dimensions of the married curate's family.) Economic reasons! Here's a nice cold secular douche for a pious tradition. Hitherto the curates (with families that expand and stipends that don't) have been pillars of that domesticity which is the ark of our social system. And this iconoclast at the Worcester Diocesan Conference talked as if the curate were subject to the law of supply and demand, or any such heathenism. He might as well have talked Malthus, that awful phenomenon who, I believe, was once a curate himself.

When strange doctrines are thrust upon us, we have to look closely into the motives of the doctrinaires. Motives, as the wise Tallyrand knew, are the springs of the most apparently involuntary actions. "What could have been his object in dying now?" Tallyrand said when the death of an enemy was reported to him. What was the motive of that heretic at Worcester? Luckily, he did not attempt to disguise it; so on this point at least there can be no controversy. He wished young ladies in congregations to understand that the curate is not the only eligible man in the parish. Jealousy, don't you see! The miserable jealousy of the envious layman who, when the new and mystical curate—the type of curate to go to the stake for the sake of incense—makes his first appearance at the reading-desk, is furious because every pair of fine eyes promptly turns in that direction! No wonder he demands celibacy for the curate under the hypocritical pretences of economic reasons. If he could only get those irresistible spiritual graces out of the way, he might hope to tempt the fine eyes in the congregation with merely worldly fascinations—say, the varied charms of the Local Government Board. This is natural, I suppose; from the nether stratum of unregeneracy these ambitious vapours are always rising to dim the effulgence of pure spirit decked in a surplice. But that they should rise unabashed at a diocesan conference fills me, I confess, with stupefaction.

Nobody else has taken this seriously. That Local Government Board inspector, with his economic reasons, has excited no resentment save mine, and perhaps mine is needless. If he knew anything of economics, this inspector, he would know that by a sublime economy Nature supplies typical helpmates for typical curates. Her only fault is that she is too bounteous; the girls she designs for curates outnumber them. Every cassock has its innocent seraglio. The still undomesticated curate must sigh when he sees the bevy offered for his choice at every church bazaar. It is so clear that they were all made expressly for him! You cannot easily identify the girl who is made for the soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor—to quote the social classification provided by tradition for spinsters when they count the cherry-stones. But the girls who are born and bred for the curate cannot be mistaken; and as he can marry only one at a time, many of the others must put up with wholly unsuitable articles in the husband line, such as Local Government Board inspectors. Who ever heard of a curate choosing the wrong wife? But how many marriages are unfortunate because the wives ought to have married curates, and hadn't the chance, owing to the restricted numbers of candidates for holy orders?

Yes, it is a quaint reflection on our social system that only one professional class is unerring in its matrimonial choosing, and that is the poorest. No women are specially ordained to marry statesmen, lawyers, doctors, soldiers—they take such suitors at a venture; it is hit or miss on both sides. See how this is illustrated in novels. In Mr. Anthony Hope's new story, "The King's Mirror," you have nothing but marriage on speculation. Four ladies—the king's sister, his cousin, a countess, and a prima donna—all wed men they don't want; and Mr. Anthony Hope, like the agreeable sophist that he is, would have you believe that, on the whole, these marriages turned out pretty well. Only the curate can be sure of his pattern of a mate; the rest of us have to trust to chance. There is the ambitious young artisan, for instance, who answered an advertisement offering the charms of an orphan damsel with an income in her own right, and desirous of a husband as a travelling companion. The artisan had a yearning to see the world, so he sent the supposed orphan an account of himself, how he earned a pound a week, gave half of it to his aged mother, and habitually dressed in a blue serge suit and a pink necktie. There is the

adventurous spirit with which most men would hazard the unknown seas of the married state! Round the world they would go in blue serge and pink ties as orphans they had heard of through a newspaper! Ah! how much better and safer to be a curate!

Now I want these ladies who steadfastly marry the curate to help me to the solution of another social problem. Are they in favour of powder and paint? I think I hear an exclamation which sounds like "The idea!" but let us not be hasty. In the *Nineteenth Century* a lady writes of powder and paint with covert sympathy. She says that, in reason, they are justifiable for women who wish to retrieve a lost beauty, and for women who would mitigate the reproach of plainness. She recalls the times when powder and paint were openly worn by great ladies, and when an oracle of fashion declared that "a little rouge throws a delicate veil over the cheek." True, Miss Ida Taylor admits that deception is injurious to character, and not conducive to happiness; but what if there is no deception? The ladies in those bygone days left their admirers in no doubt as to the use of cosmetics. It was all a question of skill. When Lady Teazle unkindly remarks of another lady that her complexion comes and goes because her maid can fetch and carry it, the sarcasm is not meant for the complexion, but for the lack of art in laying it on. If that delicate veil is thrown over the cheek it must be done artistically, or where is the delicacy? And the illusion for the spectator will be perfect, although he knows that the fascinating tint is not natural.

If I am not wrong in this interpretation of Miss Taylor's cautious argument, what will the betrothed of the curate say? Will she beg him to preach against Jezebel? Even that commination may be thought irrelevant, for it is the general impression that Jezebel did not throw a delicate veil over her cheek: she laid it on with a trowel. When she was pitched out of a window, it was because she had daubed herself so grossly that no man of taste could bear the sight of her. As it was rather a high window, she may have reckoned that the distance would soften the tones. I suggest this out of respect for her intelligence, for she was an intelligent woman; but there was a miscalculation somewhere. Perhaps the indignant spectator was rather long-sighted. I had occasion the other day to regret that my eyes were not as potent as a field-glass. In Piccadilly I despaired in the distance two Jack Tars walking hand-in-hand. When Jack's ashore he will affably take another person's hand; but it is commonly a feminine hand. The two sailors ahead of me were walking like children in a meadow, a kind of simplicity that did not seem nautical. When I came up with them I saw they were Japanese. Japan in loose blue trousers and the English sailor's cap with gold letters, the name of the ship in Japanese characters! The shock was as great as if I had met Mr. Kruger in a field-marshal's uniform, trying to look like the Duke of Wellington. "Another slur on our prestige!" I murmured. "Miss Jane Oakley must deal with this!"

Miss Oakley responded to the appeal I addressed to her on the subject of the disappearing moustache of the British Army. She wrote a stirring poem, which appeared as an advertisement in the *Times*. I want to know why the Secretary for War has not ordered it to be read on parade to every regiment, with a drum *obbligato*. This is what General de Gallifet would have done; but our Ministers of War are mere civilians, with no conception of military sentiment. Why should not Miss Oakley address to every commanding officer a copy of the *Times* of Sept. 30, together with *The Illustrated London News* of Sept. 23? But not the *Westminster Gazette* of the earlier date! That journal, I regret to say, is very flippant about Miss Oakley and myself. It warns her against me, insinuates that I am a monster of perfidy, and even asks what my Editor thinks of me as "an advertisement canvasser for the *Times*!" I need scarcely state that my Editor is unmoved by this outrage. He has not even asked me to explain why I did not invite Miss Oakley to contribute to our own advertisement columns. Patriotism is his watchword, as it is mine, and when we were last together we sang in unison with great feeling—

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Heart of Oakley is our pen;
Ready, boys, ready!
We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again!

I ask my countrymen if they are not a little ashamed that a poet who has served them so faithfully as Miss Oakley should have so scant a reward?

When statecraft's course is not too plain,
We turn instinctively to Jane.
She stimulates the nation's pride,
Our friend, philosopher, and guide.
Whilst Kipling struts in stately print,
To leader-writers gives the hint;
Whilst Swinburne turns his strident Muse
To guineas in half-crown reviews;
Our Jane, with more persuasive rhymes,
Must advertise them in the *Times*!

A LOOK ROUND.

Her Majesty's well-known desire to maintain peace by every means in her power cannot have failed to exercise a wholesome influence throughout the world. But the Queen has ever proved herself too staunch a Constitutional Sovereign to hamper any Government firmly resolved to preserve the integrity of her Empire. Indeed, Her Majesty has consistently supported most heartily those patriotic Statesmen—

Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

As it is to extend the bounds of freedom in the Transvaal that Lord Salisbury's Ministry has laboured so steadfastly, it follows in natural sequence that the efforts of the Boers are making to shake off the suzerainty of England should be swiftly followed by the despatch of a strong Army Corps to South Africa to protect our fellow-countrymen in every part of that vast territory, and to bring home to President Kruger that Great Britain is still paramount in that quarter of the globe,

On Tuesday the first of the races between the *Shamrock* and *Columbia* for the America Cup came to nothing, in consequence of the light winds that prevailed. The morning was bright, and the stiff breeze blowing gave promise of a satisfactory test, though the number of excursion steamers and pleasure craft of all description must have caused some anxiety to Captain Evans, whose mission it was to keep the course clear by means of his torpedo-boats. As the yachts arrived off Sandy Hook Light-ship the scene was almost indescribable, and the saluting of the pleasure fleet by means of their steam-whistles helped to add to the enthusiasm of the spectators.

A start was effected for the America Cup at a quarter-past eleven, and almost simultaneously with the sound of the signal-gun it became apparent that the wind had dropped considerably. The *Shamrock*, smartly handled by Captain Hogarth, soon displayed her heels to her rival, and the largest of the pleasure craft showing their exceeding impartiality by "blanketing" the *Columbia*, there was soon an appreciable distance between the yachts. Indeed, Sir Thomas Lipton's chance seemed very good when, with six of the fifteen miles outwards to the coast of Jersey (nearly half the distance of the race) sailed, his yacht was nearly 4½ minutes ahead. But with the wind freshening *Columbia* succeeded in getting clear of the flotilla of excursion three-deckers, and in a very short time she closed on the *Shamrock*. Indeed, half-way down to the mark-boat, *Columbia* led by nearly half a mile, and with the wind again subsiding, the American boat more than held her own, rounding the boat 1 min. 30 sec. ahead. A return of the breeze caused another change in the positions. The wind proving fitful, *Columbia* became almost becalmed, while her rival "footed" away, to the delight of the Englishmen. The progress was very indifferent after this, and it soon became evident that the race would not be finished within the time limit. This proved to be the case, so matters remained as they were before the race started. Altogether the day's experiences were calculated to create the greatest interest in the remaining races, fixed for Oct. 5, 7, 10, and 12.

Owing to the "First" falling on Sunday, many shooting men were robbed of a day. This troubled not those who think, and rightly too, that the pheasants might be left undisturbed until the middle of the month, at least. Many owners and lessees of shootings invariably adopt this plan and profit by it, for they come across fewer immature birds. Others, who as a rule are too anxious to get among the longtails, have this season been forced to exercise a little patience, for the coverts contain too much foliage to admit of sport such as present-day sportsmen expect. Of course conditions varied in different quarters, but, on the whole, Monday was a dreary sort of day, and must have been doubly so where sport proved slow.

Flying Fox's record this season has been a brilliant one, and though he has won no less than £37,415 in stakes, he is to have one more public trial this year before he goes into his winter's quarters for a well-earned rest. Isinglass holds the record for winning the greatest amount ever won by a single horse. Given his health and stamina, however, the Duke of Westminster's brilliant colt will be able to head the sum won by Mr. H. McCalmon's horse. He has, for example, chances in four ten thousand pound stakes next year, besides other rich and coveted prizes at Ascot and Goodwood. The Duke of York Stakes and the valuable Imperial Stakes for two-year-olds should fill the charming lawns and paddock at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday; while on the Wednesday following, the Cesarewitch, undoubtedly the most important and popular handicap of the year, will be decided. The Duke of York Stakes has not so far attracted as much attention as it has done in previous years, but it cannot fail to be an interesting race. The Imperial Stakes will be watched with no little anxiety, as it will give us an important clue to the two-year-old form of the year. Among the prominent candidates we may have Democrat, Simondale, Forfarshire, and the Prince of Wales's Diamond Jubilee. The race is worth £3000. Scintillant and Merman still hold the pride of place as public favourites for the Cesarewitch, though nothing seems to shake the firm position of that very promising Hibernian candidate, Irish Ivy.

"I.L.N." WAR-ARTISTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Our readers will be interested to know that we have despatched Mr. Melton Prior as Special Artist to South Africa to furnish us with sketches of the British military movements. Another Special Artist has started for the Transvaal to supply "The Illustrated London News" with drawings from the side of the Boers.

IN THE EVENT OF WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO HAS SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It would be idle to attempt disquising the obvious fact that, pending the arrival of Sir Redvers Buller and the main body of his Army Corps, the British troops and their Colonial auxiliaries in Natal are exposed to no inconsiderable danger.

The state of affairs, indeed, resembles in many respects the condition in which they were found at the outbreak of the Transvaal War of Independence. Now, as then, our forces in Natal are fairly sufficient for defence against any hostile incursion aimed at the heart of the colony. But in the tongue of northern territory in which lies Laing's Nek the same provocation to assume a premature offensive that wrought the ruin of Colley can once more be exercised.

Clearly, if the Boers cross the frontier and establish themselves in any position beyond it, they *ipso facto* place us between the horns of an extremely awkward dilemma. If, upon the one hand, the British are content to suffer a violation of territories without making efforts to thrust back the enemy, then there must be a loss of prestige and the very natural encouragement of certain wavering to throw in their lot against us. Indeed, even some of the native states might become infected with Anglophobia. Yet, upon the other hand, still worse might happen if, in making a counter-attack with inadequate forces, we should meet with defeat.

It is, therefore, manifestly to our advantage that actual hostilities should be deferred until our army is large enough to ensure successful invasion of the hostile Republics, and the last thing of all others that we desire is that we should be obliged to risk the chances of battle in any minor engagements at the present time.

Naturally, the Boers are perfectly aware of all this, and, if for no other reason than that we would prefer to postpone operations, they are pretty sure to do their best to compel us to hazard an attack upon them in a position of their own choice.

Poor Colley was defeated at Laing's Nek more through bad luck than through the actual insufficiency of his force. Theoretically, the attack on Laing's Nek was foredoomed to failure, but practically it was almost successful, in spite of the exceptional difficulties which an evil fortune raised in its path. At Boomplaatz, 1000 Boers were simply swept from a splendid line of 400 British bayonets, and might have been exterminated as they fled, but that Sir Harry Smith humanely declined the opportunity, though his guns commanded the line of retreat.

Thus we have both sides of the picture—chances of success and chances of failure; but it impresses itself urgently upon us that we have less to gain by such partial success as a small force might win than we stand to lose in the event of a failure. With the numbers two to one against them, a thousand British soldiers might or might not be victorious, but under the same conditions ten thousand cannot be otherwise than completely successful.

The comparative fighting value of Boers, as well as of other irregulars, decreases in an inverse ratio as their numbers increase. We wish this unfortunate business to be settled with the utmost speed, and therefore it behoves us to see that not a moment is lost in pouring troops into the country. Even one day might make all the difference.

We cannot afford to allow the troops already in South Africa to suffer even the slightest reverse. What we need is that Sir Redvers Buller, at the head of 30,000 men, shall cross the frontier at the earliest possible date, and shall have his communications guarded by other troops besides. The question that time alone can answer is whether this consummation will be reached without any petty disasters having previously been encountered. We can only hope so, since the very conditions under which we have drifted towards war have prevented us from taking the only steps that could effectively have prevented such dangers. In their sincere desire to avoid war, the British Government has refrained from any extensive reinforcement of the South African garrisons, and hence the cause of our present anxiety.

Meanwhile, the bone of contention is no longer the franchise question in the Transvaal, but the supremacy of Briton or Boer in South Africa. The point is of Mr. Kruger's raising, not ours. Mr. Gladstone cast, indeed, his pearls before swine, and sowing the wind, has left us to reap the whirlwind! Such magnanimity as the British Government displayed in 1881 was wholly beyond Boer comprehension, and it is owing to the mistaken view adopted that we now find the Orange Free State also arrayed against us. That the Free State should be against us is very regrettable; but as open enemies the inhabitants can do us very little harm, whilst respecting their hostile neutrality would have caused us infinite trouble. Strategically, we are far stronger since the Orange Free State threw in its lot with the Transvaal, as we can now operate via the Free State, in place of having an untrustworthy neutral on the flank of our communications from the Cape Colony.

Johannesburg must now be our goal. Pretoria is of no consequence, except when we come to arrange the terms of peace. Johannesburg is the heart of the Transvaal, and its occupation is a needful preliminary to holding it as security for the expenses of the war. If a great battle is fought whilst our troops are en route to Johannesburg, the campaign will thereby be ended. About 100 killed and, say, twice that number of wounded represents the breaking strain of Boer tenacity. A pitched battle is all that is required to settle the South African problem; but it seems doubtful whether the Boers will put all their eggs into one basket. Should they adopt guerrilla tactics, the war will last six months; but if they elect to fight a battle, all will be over within six weeks after Sir Redvers Buller crosses the frontier. Our position to-day demands the exercise of extreme caution until sufficient strength has been collected for decisive action. When all is ready then we must go in with a will. If only we are permitted to set our house in order the task before us will be a comparatively easy one. But the question is—will the Boers attempt to force our hand; and if so, will they succeed? Who can tell?

GLORY AND GREED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

At the rate the Senate, constituted as a High Court of Justice, is proceeding, we may fairly expect the preliminaries of the trial for conspiracy against the Republic to be finished by the end of the current year. Now, I am distinctly of opinion that no man, unless he be a Dickens, has the right to engage in the chronicling of such a prospectively protracted law-suit. The history of a "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce" affair can only be tolerated on such a condition. As such I intend to let the affair rest. I am, however, not debarred from profiting by a few side-lights in order to amuse, and, if possible, to interest the reader; especially if one of these side-lights paints a predominant characteristic of the French better than would, or could, the whole of a history.

In my previous article, I conceded that the usual boast of the French, about their being sufficiently rich to pay for their glory, was absolutely justified. Englishmen of all classes, generally living up to their incomes and now and again a little beyond them, have no idea, or at the best a very vague one, of the wealth lying either positively unproductive or invested at a ridiculously small interest throughout the length and breadth of the country. There is equally no doubt that the peasantry, bourgeoisie, and perhaps the aristocracy would sooner forego most of the glory—as that word is interpreted by the present-day legislators—than part with some of this wealth. As it happens, they have no choice in the matter, as far as the discharge of burdensome taxes is concerned, and although those different classes of Frenchmen grumble among themselves about those "impositions," they put a good face upon those matters when confronting the outside—read the alien—world in virtue of the boast already enumerated, and furthermore on the principle contained in the popular proverb, "Il faut faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu."

Nevertheless, they try to hedge a bit, as the votary of the racecourse has it. The very first engagement of the Franco-German War, in which the Bavarian Lieutenant von Winslow lost his life, was fought on French territory, and around a French rural inn. I am far away from home, and not one of my notes is available, so rather than quote wrong names, I prefer not to quote at all. I remember, however, perfectly well about the French having had the best of it, but the dining-room of the establishment and the crockery and the glass and the mirrors were terribly knocked about. The French Colonel or General, having driven the Bavarians to flight, was about to mount his horse, when the innkeeper appeared. "Qui est ce qui paie la casse, mon Colonel?"—in English, "Who pays for the breakage, Colonel?" he asked. "We pay," replied the officer, flinging a purse full of gold to Boniface. "France is sufficiently rich to pay for her glory."

My imagination refuses to picture a similar incident in our sea-girt island, even with "The Battle of Dorking" vividly in my mind; hence, I will not attempt to speculate upon the English innkeeper's attitude under analogous circumstances. I am dubious, though, whether any but a French innkeeper would have attempted to present his bill at such a moment. However poor, the glory of the thing would have been enough for him. I have no wish to compare M. Jules Guérin to the least of France's heroic soldiers; at the same time it must be evident to any observant reader of the daily papers that in the eyes of a large section of the Parisians his action partook of the nature of a Homeric feat, and among that section, the inhabitants, or some of them, of the now famous Rue Chabrol were perhaps not the least enthusiastic. Be this as it may, it is certain that they would not have liked their street shelled or flooded by the water-hose of the Fire Brigade, and that, had the Government resorted to such extreme measures, there would have been an outcry against their brutality. Yet, now that matters have been settled peacefully, the first idea of the notable inhabitants of that henceforth historical thoroughfare has been to constitute themselves into a "committee for the defence of their commercial interests." The president is M. Minart, packing-case maker, and the secretary, M. Goujaud, oil and colour man. The damages claimed by the collective sufferers are by them estimated at £36,000.

It must be understood that this amount is claimed not for damages done to their premises, but for damages done to their business. It should also be borne in mind that the Rue Chabrol is neither a very long nor a very flourishing street, whether from a purely commercial or from a fashionable point of view. The siege lasted thirty-seven or thirty-eight days, during which Messrs. Bachéle and Son, another firm of packing-case makers, profess to have sustained actual and presumably future losses to the extent of 80,000 f.; hence, at the rate of more than 2000 f. profit per diem, which, counting roughly at six days per week, would bring their profits to £25,000 per annum. A hairdresser claims 10,000 f., and a hotel-keeper 50,000 f. The reader may work out the totals for himself, and I, having regard to the nature of this column, must refrain from comments.

One day, when the opportunity presents itself, I will tell the story from a similar point of view of the "Haussmannising" of Paris. Meanwhile, I am at liberty to tell once more the episode that happened before Skobelev's tent on the eve of Plevna, when a poor Jewish soldier, a Pole, kicked a shell into the mōat which, had it burst, would have killed both him and the General. "What shall I give you for this?" asked Skobelev, "the Cross of St. George or one hundred roubles?" "What is the Cross of St. George worth?" asked the practical but untutored Hebrew. "It isn't for its worth, but for the glory of it," answered the General; "the cross is only worth five roubles." "Let's settle it this way, then. Give me the cross and ninety-five roubles."

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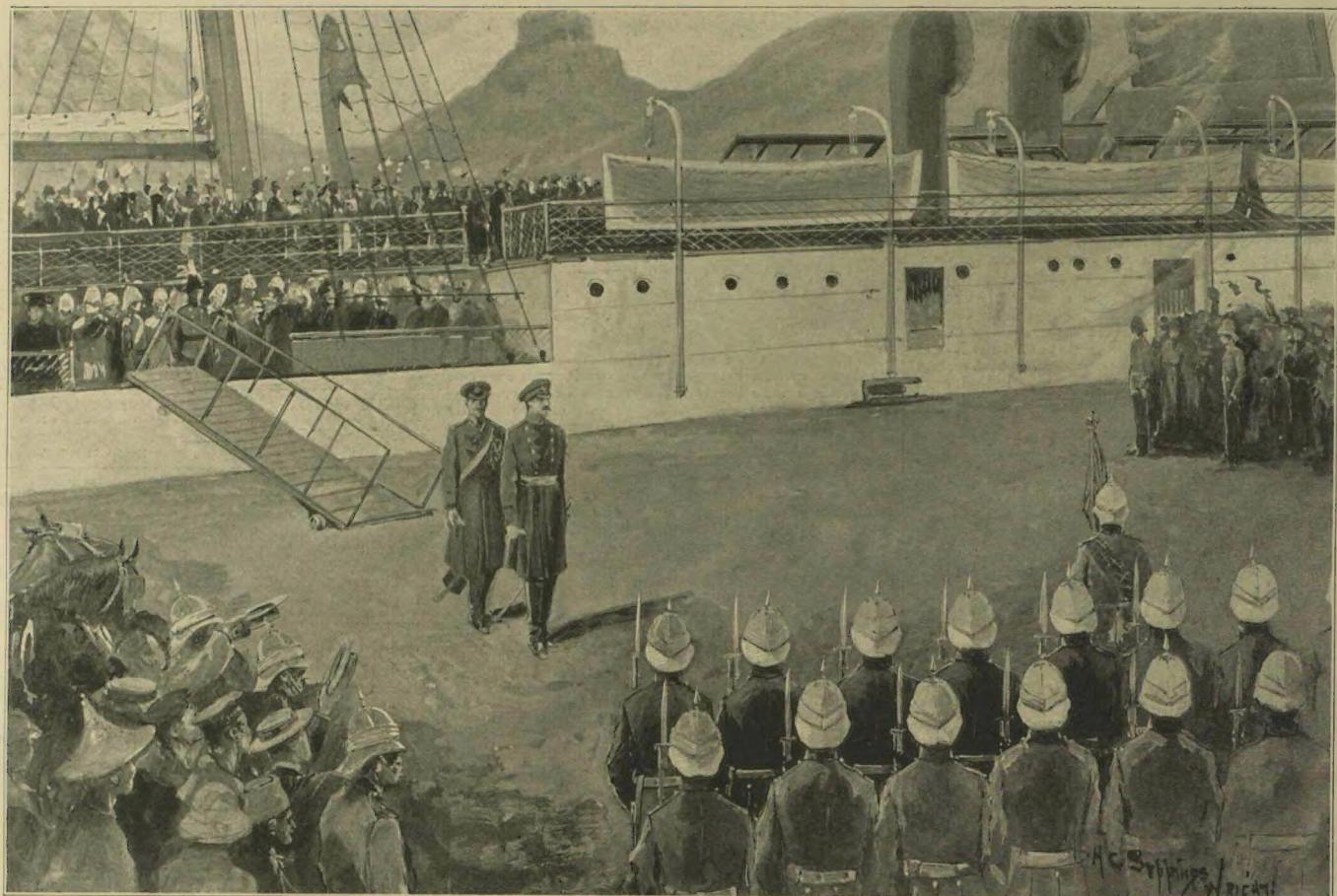
DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. Managing-Director, Arthur Collins. Every Evening at 7.30, a New and Original Drama, "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS." With Powerful Cast. Matines Every Wednesday and Saturday at 1.30. Box Office Now Open.

GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION, IMPEL KIRALY, Director-General, 10, Pall Mall, S.W. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Victoria, Queensland, West Australia. British South Africa. International Mining Court. One-Crushing Mill. Goliath's Band. Hon. Artillery Company, and Colonial Military Band Daily. Royal City Band. Grand Panorama. Jewell's Marionettes. Great Canadian Water Chute. Working Glass Mine, Gravity Railway. Numerous other Attractions.

EMPEROR THEATRE, EARL'S COURT. SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA. Full's Monster Aggregation. Specimens of all Wild Animals. Hordes of Black Warriors. Tales of Savage Zulus. The Great War. Mounted African Troopers. Specimens of all Wild Animals. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 6s. Wilson's and Stand. House of Commons. Chippewa Indians. Trolls below. AFRICAN VILLAGE PEOPLED BY NATIVES.

CRYSTAL PALACE (10 a.m. to 11 p.m.). SATURDAY CONCERTS (Conductor, Mr. August Manns, October 7, at 3.30 p.m. Vocalists MADAME DE LAGARDE, Miss WILHELMINA, JOHANNA, and others. Pianist, MR. FREDERICK DUNSON. For programme, see page 482. CAFE-CHARITY, Star Company, TWICE DAILY. MILITARY BANDS, ORGAN RECITALS, &c., &c.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, and REGENT STREET, W. Nightly at 8 and Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 3 and 8. Most Beautiful Chorus and Ballad Singing in the World.



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: ARRIVAL OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR F. W. E. F. FORESTIER-WALKER, COMMANDING THE TROOPS IN CAPE COLONY, AT CAPE TOWN.
From a Sketch by Mr. W. Morris.



THE MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

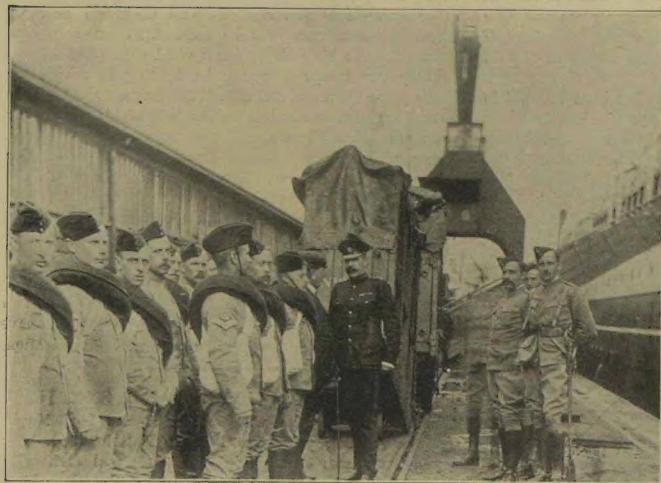


Photo. Russell, Southsea.
COLONEL MAINWARING INSPECTING HIS MEN BEFORE EMBARKATION.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.
OFFICERS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE."

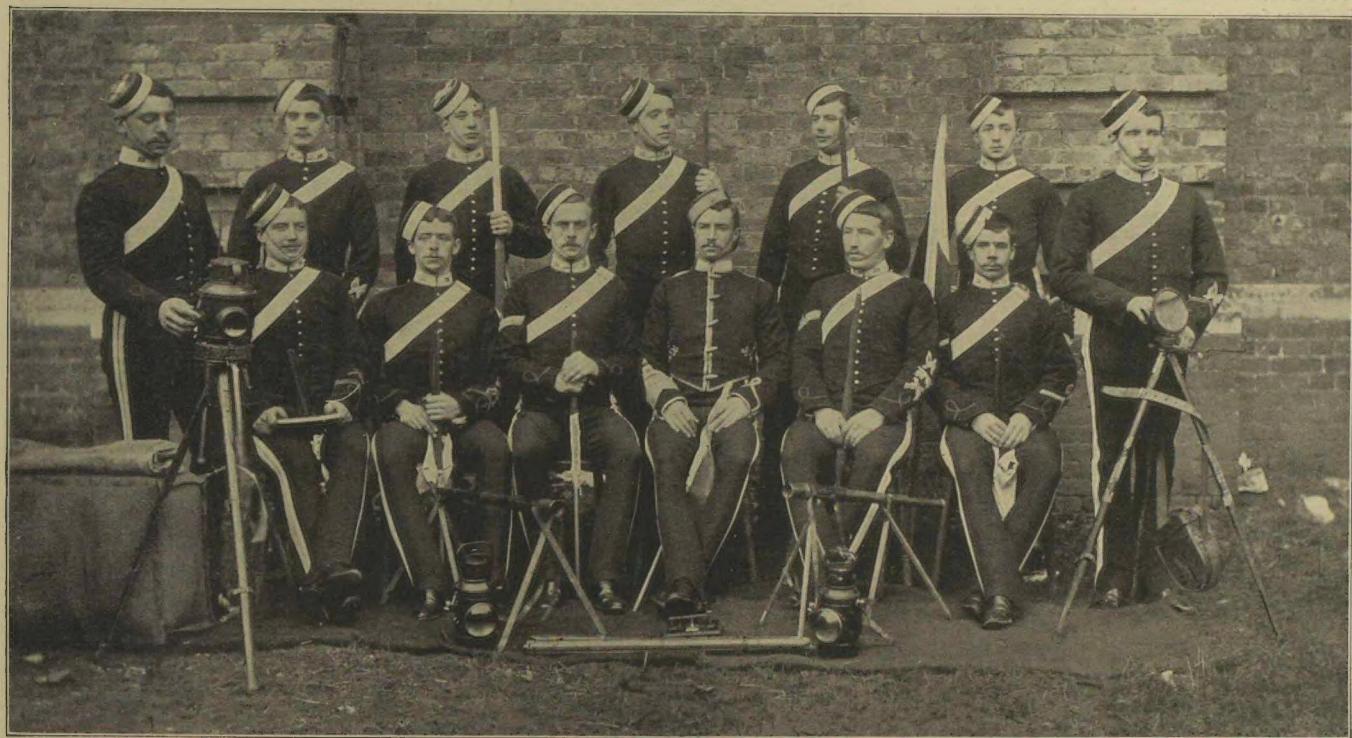


Photo. Knight.
13TH HUSSARS' SIGNAL CORPS, CHAMPION SIGNALLERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

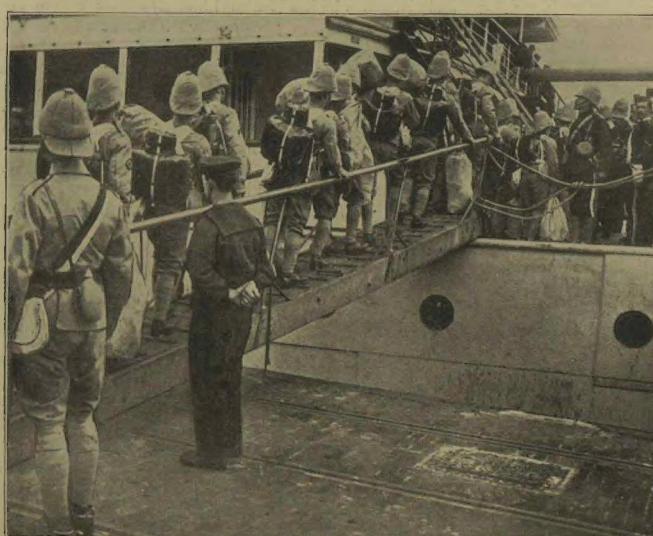


Photo. Knight.
THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS EMBARKING ON THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE."



Photo. Knight.
AMMUNITION COLUMN FOR THE CAPE: ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BRITISHER AND BOER.

It is curious and not a little interesting that the first Sketch our Special War Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has sent us (not exactly from the Cape, but from on board the *Norman*) should be of an entirely peaceful kind; favouring, indeed, a rapprochement between Britisher and Boer. Such an incident, of course, as a friendly discussion of the crisis between Major-General French and a cousin of President Kruger is far from inappropriate on board a "Union" liner.

THE MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY.

From latest information it appears that should hostilities begin, the Boers will immediately try to destroy the Cape Railway. The investment of Kimberley will follow, but the town is admirably prepared. The very nature of its industry has supplied it with fortifications in the great ramparts of mining "tailings" which surround it. One of these, which used to be locally known as "Mount Ararat," is over ninety feet high. Several redoubts have been erected, and on these cannon have been mounted by the Royal Engineers. A thousand natives from the diamond mines have been constructing entrenchments for riflemen. A considerable force of Kimberley Volunteers has been attached to the Lancashire Regiment. The Civic Guard, in which are enrolled men from a distance of eight miles around the town, is 2000 strong. Diamonds were discovered at Kimberley in 1867, but the rush did not begin till three years later. Kimberley is famous for its deep-level shafts, one of which has been sunk to a depth of 1200 ft. Thirty-two years ago the

heavy guns are mired up to the axles; the horses, with continual whipping-up, become jaded and irritated, and the temper of the men is tried in the severest manner. Where parallel roads cannot be found to advance an army corps in manageable sections, the whole column is subject to continual halts while now one heavy piece and now another has become obstructed. There are few tests of the soldier's temper and endurance so severe as this of transport.

The perfection to which signalling has been brought in modern warfare has placed the Corps of Signallers in a position of honourable distinction. In this, no less than in marksmanship, the competitive element has been employed by the authorities to ensure excellence of result. The title of champion Signalling Corps of the British Army at the present moment is claimed by the 13th Hussars. A group of these nerves of the Army will also be found among our Illustrations.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. Forestier-Walker, recently appointed to the command of our troops at the

on the western boundary between Mafeking and Pretoria so difficult to penetrate. It will be more difficult now than ever, for a strong Boer force is quartered at Zeerust, watching the British camp at Ramathlabana. In the map that shows these positions you will see, clearly marked, the other strongholds of the Boers, and the main lines by which the Transvaal may be entered. Such scenes as these give the English reader a vivid conception of the country our troops may soon be fighting in should the Boers prove obdurate, and should Mr. Steyn come from his Presidency at Bloemfontein to the help of his relative by marriage, Mr. Kruger. The stations at Pretoria and Avoca, with their negroes on the platform, are curiously unfamiliar to our eyes. The private residence of Lord Rosmead is unlike anything we know of England. Still more weird and strange to us is the grim spot where "Colley fell." Two other of our Illustrations show in a marked degree this "strangeness" of South African conditions. One pictures the original building of the Standard Bank of South Africa, the other shows a "Nacht-Maal," or encampment of Boers, who have assembled to partake together of the Holy Communion.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Mr. Alderman Newton, who has been elected Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, was born at Hull in 1849. His grandfather was engaged in the Arctic seal and whale fishery, which was at that time in a most flourishing condition, Hull alone sending out no less than sixty ships every year. The Lord Mayor-elect began his business career at the age of seventeen. In 1868 he established himself at Burton-on-Trent as a yeast-merchant, and initiated a direct export trade from that centre to Franco and Belgium. This business, which grew



Photo. W. J. Wright.
MR. ALDERMAN TRELOAR.
(Sheriff-Elect.)

place was barren veldt. The town has now 30,000 inhabitants, and can boast electric light and a complete water-supply. We give a picture of the Market Square.

TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

Active preparations have been going on for the departure of that important arm of the service, the Army Service Corps. Last Saturday the new Castle liner *Kinfauns Castle* sailed for South Africa with a full complement of passengers and about three hundred troops, comprising Army Service Corps, field hospitals, medical staff, and a balloon section of the Royal Engineers. Thousands of spectators lined the quays, and gave the men a hearty send-off.

About twenty companies of the Army Service Corps are at present under orders for South Africa. Altogether the Corps consists of forty-two companies, with remount companies stationed at Woolwich and Dublin. Two companies have already proceeded to South Africa; two companies have left Dublin for Southampton; and companies at Portsmouth, Lydd, Woolwich, Colchester, and York have been warned to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation. The movement has made a very large demand on the Corps, and it is probable that the reserve will be called out. Every man who serves in South Africa must be over twenty years of age, and must have been in the Army not less than one year.

Among our Illustrations we include a picture of the ammunition-train lying ready for embarkation at Southampton Docks. From this Illustration alone some idea may be gathered of the tremendous difficulties of transport. Few operations in warfare are more arduous than the conveyance of heavy artillery and stores from point to point. Even where roads exist the work is severe; in wild countries it becomes a task of Herculean proportions. Where the ground is swampy,



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. ALDERMAN NEWTON.
(Lord Mayor-Elect.)

Cape, arrived at the docks at Cape Town on Wednesday, Sept. 6. Having received the officers representing the various regiments in the command, the General stepped ashore exactly at 12.30 p.m., and after the usual inspection of the guard of honour, which was furnished by the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, entered a carriage in waiting, and drove to Government House, where he was received by his Excellency the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner. A large concourse of people were present at the docks to witness the arrival of the *Norham Castle*, and loud and prolonged cheering greeted the General as he stepped ashore. A noticeable feature of the event was the absence of members of the present Colonial Ministry, an item much commented upon.

SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Illustrations given in our present issue of many interesting scenes in South Africa will afford our readers a visual picture of what may be ere long the amphitheatre of deadly war. Usually, the British public has only the vaguest idea of the countries in which our troops are carrying on operations. This is a misfortune, for we cannot appreciate at its full value the valour of our men unless we have a picture in our minds of the difficulties they have to encounter. For example, we understand much better how it was that Dr. Jameson's men were shot down in the open, when we see from our Illustration of the Bontebok Flats the magnificent rocky cover that the Boers had to protect them. Or look at the Drakensberg, on the Transvaal frontier, where the Boers are now in laager. There are peaks in that terrible range three times higher than Snowdon, and it is in such places as that seen in the picture that the Boers have their rocky fastnesses. When we recollect that shooting is considered of such importance by the Boers that they often make rifle-practice the occasion of a great picnic, where the men contend in presence of their sweethearts, we begin to appreciate the difficulties of soldiering in South Africa. So keen are the young Boers on the shooting that they blaze away at any mark—an ant-hill, a bottle, or, better still, a passing springbok, should they be out in the wilds where game abounds. At present conflicting opinions are rife regarding the perfection of their marksmanship, but the strong presumption is that it is above the average. When they outspan on occasions such as depicted, the Boers seize the opportunity to enter into all kinds of family contracts, both business and matrimonial. Thus all learn to take an interest in, and to look forward to, these "wapentakes" or shooting matches, and so a kind of premium is placed on good marksmanship. That is why Dr. Jameson found the rocky country



Photo. C. Vandijk.
MR. ALDERMAN BEVAN.
(Sheriff-Elect.)

greatly in extent and volume, with distributing centres at Calais and Antwerp, was carried on by Mr. Newton until the year 1897. But already, in 1880, he had joined his brothers, the Messrs. Newton, in their steamship business, and in connection therewith he removed to London. However, in 1886, owing to the death of a brother, Mr. Newton abandoned the shipping industry, and since then he has identified himself chiefly with joint-stock enterprise, being a director of Harrod's Stores and chairman of Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co. Mr. Newton is Master of the Girdlers' Company, and is a member of the Fanmakers' and Turners' Companies. He is an ardent Freemason, and last year the "Alfred J. Newton Lodge, 2686," was founded in his honour. With Mr. Newton there have been elected two new Sheriffs in succession to Colonel Clifford Probyn and Alderman Alliston, retired. One of the new Sheriffs is Mr. Bevan, a well-known citizen, of Welsh descent, and the other is Alderman Treloar, the celebrated carpet-manufacturer of Ludgate Hill. Mr. Treloar is known far and wide as a philanthropist; and it was chiefly owing to the untiring efforts of his firm that Ludgate Hill was widened for the convenience of the public.

THE NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE.

Towards the end of 1898, the last suspension-bridge over the Niagara was replaced by a new single-arched steel bridge which has the largest span in the world, being 225 yards wide. The greatest height of the arch is 120 ft., while the roadway, on which runs the electric tramway, lies about 144 ft. above the water. The actual building of the bridge was begun in 1895. It was designed by Mr. I. L. Buck, under whose supervision the work was carried out by the Pencord Iron Works of Philadelphia. Up to that time, the bridge over the Rhine at Bonn had been considered to have the largest span in the world.

PERSONAL.

The Emperor William is expected at Windsor Castle on Nov. 20. That does not look as if Germany proposed to do us an ill turn in consequence of our South African policy. The Kaiser understands the real question at issue rather better than he did when he sent the too famous telegram to Mr. Kruger. What the Boers want is absolute freedom to do what they like with other people's property and to assert Dutch independence throughout South Africa. Germany is well aware that Great Britain cannot tolerate such pretensions, and the Kaiser has no desire to encourage the ignorant folly of Pretoria.

Colonel Sir Charles Hollond Smith, who is to command the Australian contingent at the Cape, has been Commandant of the Local Forces in Victoria since 1894. Sir Charles has seen a great deal of service. He took part in the Zulu War of 1879, the Boer War of 1881, the Egyptian and Soudan Campaigns from 1882 to 1891. In all these campaigns he rendered distinguished service, and was mentioned in despatches. In Australia Sir Charles holds the local rank of Major-General. No better man could have been

found to lead the contingent of which the Mother Country is so justly proud.

General Mercier was responsible for the Madagascar Expedition, and it seems that an inquiry into that dubious enterprise is going on. There are always inquiries of this kind in France, and as General Mercier was a singularly incompetent Minister of War, he has offered more scope for disagreeable research than any of his contemporaries. The Madagascar business threatens to be so serious that it may even defy the sponge of General de Gallifet, who will remark, moreover, that it has nothing to do with the Dreyfus affair. As any inquiry, however, into the conduct of General Mercier must be of great service to the Dreyfusard party, the application of the sponge becomes more difficult every day.

One conspicuous act of General de Gallifet's reflects the highest credit upon him. He has destroyed the mountain of lies with which the military faction tried to ruin Colonel Picquart, whose conduct of the Intelligence Bureau is officially declared to be free from the slightest reproach. Imagine the feelings of Roget, Lanth, and company when they read General de Gallifet's letter to the man they hate more than they hate Dreyfus! It remains for the Minister of War to go further—to reinstate Colonel Picquart in the army, and give him a distinguished post.

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Colonel Charles W. H. Douglas, who is ordered for South African service, has been Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot since 1898. He was formerly attached to the Gordon Highlanders. Colonel Douglas, who is forty-nine years of age, served with distinction in the Afghan War of 1878-80, for which he was decorated with the medal and three clasps, and the bronze star, receiving also the brevet rank of Major. He is a Transvaal veteran, having taken part in the last Boer War. In the Suakin Campaign of 1884 he was mentioned in

despatches, and received the medal with clasp and the bronze star.

Admiral Dewey knows that what he did at Manila was, against so incompetent a foe, a comparatively easy matter, and he doesn't hesitate to say so. What one feels is that, had the foe been really formidable, the Admiral would have been quite equal to the emergency.

A New York policeman visited London some months ago, and said it was the wickedest city he was ever in. Well, the London police can give points in decent behaviour to the police of New York. The conduct of the men who were supposed to keep order in the streets during the Dewey demonstrations was simply organised brutality—if the reports are to be trusted.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel C. O. Plumer, who returns to South African service, was actively engaged there three years ago. Many

will remember him as the Commander of Plumer's Mounted Rifles in the campaign of 1896. At that time he was mentioned in despatches, was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, and was decorated with the South African medal. He belongs to the York and Lancashire Regiment, and since 1897 has been Deputy-Adjutant-General at Aldershot. He served in Egypt throughout the campaign of 1884, and his distinguished conduct at that time was rewarded with the medal and clasp, the bronze star, and the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PLUMER.

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Admiral Dewey is a sailor after our own heart. He reminds us of Hardy and Collingwood, those splendid old salts, who were only less splendid than Nelson himself.

Director of the National Gallery, President of the Royal Academy, and occasional painter of pictures in oils and water-colours, might, one would suppose, be sufficient to fill up the daily life of any man. Not so Sir Edward Poynter, who now is about to edit for Messrs. Cassell an illustrated catalogue of every picture in the National Gallery. Happily, for him the letterpress of the work is already in existence in Sir F. W. Burton's catalogue of the foreign, and Mr. C. Eastlake's of the modern, pictures; and Sir E. Poynter, if he values a literary reputation, will refrain as far as possible from "his personal views on the characteristics and authenticity of the principal pictures," unless he wishes to raise the hornet's nest of art critics, some of whom, *pace* the President, know what they write about. It is of greater interest and importance to know that each photograph will be submitted to the approval of Mr. Edwin Bale before it is allowed to appear, and this will be in itself a guarantee that the promises of the prospectus will be fulfilled. The two first volumes dealing with the Old Masters (foreign schools) will be published before the close of the year. Perhaps the Director of the National Gallery, when his hands are once more free, will, in his other capacity, follow up the present work by a new edition of Sandys's "History of the Royal Academy," of which there is a real need.

The death is announced of the Right Hon. John Monroe, formerly Judge of the High Court of Justice, Ireland. Judge

Monroe, who

passed away at

Bartra, Dalkey,

County Dublin,

on Sept. 28, had

for some years

been in failing

health. He re-

signed his pos-

ition on the Bench

in 1896. The late

Judge, who was

born in 1839, was

educated at

Queen's College,

Galway, and in

1863 was called to

the Irish Bar. He

took silk in 1877,

and in 1884 be-

came a Bencher

of the King's

Inns. He was for

a short time Law

Adviser to Dublin

Castle, and in 1885

was Solicitor-General for Ireland. He

was specially noted

for his ability and

learning as a Land

Judge. In 1886 he was made a Privy Councillor.

Mr. Henry Cunynghame, in his text-book of "Art

Enamelling upon Metals" (Archibald Constable and Co.),

makes the very remarkable statement that enamels for art

metal-work are not made in England. It would there-

fore seem that the pursuit of this highly interesting form

of art is hampered at the outset by difficulties which

ordinary students cannot surmount. The Goldsmiths'

Company have offered encouragement to artists, and

the London County Council would be willing to

establish classes in enamelling; but the applicants

are few, and for once an employment is to be found

which is not overcrowded. The training given in the French

municipal schools will speedily give French enamellers

the means of obtaining in the twentieth century the

pre-eminence they obtained in the sixteenth.

At last summer's exhibition at Burlington House there

was a distinct desire on the part of artists to devote at-

tention to enamel work, and it only requires an equal readi-

ness on the part of connoisseurs to foster it to make

English enamels once more popular and distinguished.

Photo, Ball.

COLONEL SIR C. H. SMITH.

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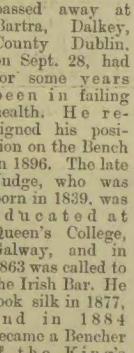


Photo, Maull and Fox.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD CASE.

seen at New Romney, Deal, Folkestone, Lowestoft, Cromer, Sheringham, Eastbourne, Blackpool, on the Irish coast, and at Ostend. "The Modern Canute" was the name he bore among his familiar friends.

Admiral Dewey is a sailor after our own heart. He reminds us of Hardy and Collingwood, those splendid old salts, who were only less splendid than Nelson himself.



Photo, Chancery, Dublin.

THE LATE JUDGE MONROE.

The Pope has singled out for special honour Father Bailly, the chief director of *La Croix*. Evidently his Holiness never reads that journal, and does not know that it is a disgrace to the name of religion. "The most abominable paper that is printed in the French language," is M. de Blowitz's concise description of it. And its editor backs in the favour of Leo XIII.!

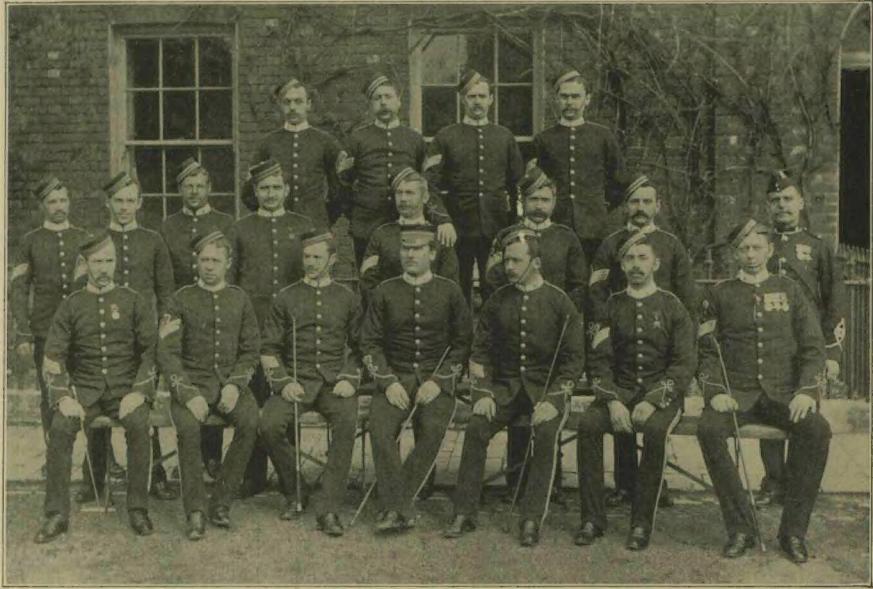
Mr. Hugh Price Hughes has declined to associate himself with the prominent Nonconformists who sympathise with the Boers in the present controversy. This attitude is ascribed by the pro-Boer advocates to Mr. Hughes's relation by marriage to one of the Rand millionaires. Nobody who knows Mr. Hughes can really believe him to be influenced by considerations of that kind. It is a curious thing that some advocates of peace and righteousness must always impute unworthy motives to everybody who does not agree with their view of a political problem.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR BAKER RUSSELL QUITTING
A TROOP-SHIP AFTER INSPECTION.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



ORDNANCE AND TRANSPORT OFFICERS.



CAPTAIN A. G. WELMAN, COMMANDING ARMY SERVICE
CORPS, ORDERED TO THE CAPE.



COLONEL LANDON, ATTACHED TO ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



By "Q."

ILLUSTRATED BY A. BIRKENRUTH.

CHAPTER II.

"On the evening of my arrival at Cressingham, Dick, who was lodgings at the village inn, where I too had a room, took me over to pay my respects to the ladies. We had taken our leave and were passing down the pretty avenue of limes to the entrance gates, when he paused and hailed a man stooping over a fountain in the Italian garden on our left, and apparently clearing it of dead leaves.

"'Hi! John Emmet!'

"The man straightened his back, faced round, and came towards us, touching his hat.

"'This is the gentleman, John, who has come expressly to tie the knot next Wednesday. You must know,' said Dick, turning to me, 'that Miss Felicia and John Emmet are sworn friends, and he owes me a mighty grudge for taking her away. He's been gardener here for fifteen—sixteen—how many years is it, John?'

"'Then,' said I, 'I suppose you were here before the wreck of the *Nerbuddha*, and knew Miss Felicia's parents?'

"The man gave a start, and his hat, which he had pulled off and with the brim of which he was fumbling, slipped from his fingers and rolled on the turf.

"'Oh yes, I forgot!' put in Dick. 'I ought to have told you that Mr. West here is the Rector of Lansulyan, and was at the time of the wreck.'

"'Indeed, Sir?' John Emmet had recovered his hat, and confronted me with a face for which I spared a glance before bending my eyes on the daisies at my feet. 'I—I took service here some months after that event.'

"'Come, Padre!'—these were the next words I heard—'if you wish to prod up all the daisies on Felicia's property arise early to-morrow and begin. But if we're to dine at the Hall to-night it's time to be getting back to the inn and changing our clothes.'

"I looked up, and my eyes fell on the retreating back of John Emmet, already half-way towards the Italian garden.

"'Queer fellow; that—what's his name?—John Emmet,' said I late that night on our return to the inn, as Dick and I mixed our whiskies and prepared for a smoke before his sitting-room fire.

"'Tie loose, I fancy,' answered Dick, pausing with a lighted match in his hand. 'I've an idea that he owes me a grudge for coming here and carrying off Felicia.'

"'What gives you that notion?'

"'Well, you see he has always been a favourite of hers. She tells me that the hours she managed to steal and spend in the garden, chatting with John Emmet while he worked, were the happiest in her childhood. He seems to have been a kind of out-of-door protector to her, and I'll bet she twisted him round her small thumb.'

"'That's little enough to go upon,' was my comment. 'It struck me, on the contrary, that the man eyed you with some affection, not to say pride.'

"'Well, it's a small thing, but I can't help remembering how he took the news of Felicia's—of our engagement. You see, it happened at a fancy-dress dance.'

"'What happened?'

"'Don't be dense, Padre. Why, *it*—the engagement. The dance was given by some people who live two miles from here—people called Bargrave. Felicia and I drove over. She wore an old Court dress of her grandmother's or great-grandmother's: I'm no hand at costumes, and can only tell you that she looked particularly jolly in it. I went in uniform—mess uniform, that is. It's one of the minor advantages of the service that on these occasions a man hasn't to put on a cavalier's wig and look like a goat out for a holiday. Well, as I was saying, at this particular dance *it* happened. It was daybreak when we started to drive home; a perfect midsummer morning, sun shining, dew on the hedges, and the birds singing fit to split themselves. Felicia and I had a lot to say to each other, naturally; and it occurred to us to stop the carriage at the gates and send it on while we walked up to the house together. We took the path leading through the Italian garden, and there—pretty well in the same place where you saw him this afternoon—we came on John Emmet, already out and at work: or rather he was leaning on a hoe and staring after the carriage as it moved up the avenue behind the limes. We came on him from behind, and I suppose suddenly. Anyhow, we scared him. I never saw such a face in my life as he turned on us! It went all white in an instant, and then slowly whiter. No doubt our dress was unusual: but I'm not accustomed to be taken for a ghost—'

"'Was it *you* who frightened him?'

"'Yes, I think so. He kept his eyes on me, anyway: and at first, when Felicia asked him to congratulate her, he didn't seem to hear. After a bit, however, he picked up his speech and muttered something about fate, and wishing her joy—I forgot what. Felicia confessed afterwards that his face had fairly frightened her.'

"'Look here,' I asked; 'it may seem an irrelevant question, but has the 2-th made any changes in its uniform lately?—any important changes, I mean.'

"'No; the War Office has been obliging enough to leave us alone in that respect: out of sight out of mind, I suppose. In point of fact we've kept the same rig—officers and men—for something like a quarter of a century.' He paused. 'I see what you're driving at. The man, you think, may be an old deserter?'

"'Not so fast, please. Now here's another question.'

You remember the night after the wreck of the *Nerbuddha*: the night you took a turn in Lansulyan Church, watching the bodies? You came to me in the morning with a story which I chose to laugh at—'

"'About the face at the window, you mean?' Dick gave a mock shudder. 'I suppose my nerves were shaken. I've been through some queer things since: but upon my soul I'd as soon face the worst of them again as take another spell with a line of corpses in that church of yours.'

"'But—the face?'

"'Well, at the time I'd have sworn I saw it: peering in through the last window westward in the south aisle. I ran out, you remember, and found nobody: then I fetched a lantern and flashed it about the churchyard.'

"'There were gravestones in plenty a man could hide behind. Should you remember the face?'

"Dick considered for a while. 'No: it didn't strike me as a face so much as a pair of eyes; I remember the eyes only. They were looking straight into mine.'

"'Well, now. I've always guessed there was something queer about that *Nerbuddha* business: though till now I've never told a soul my chief reason for believing so. After you left me that night, and while I was dressing, it occurred to me from the last of the three signals—the only one I saw—that the wreck must be somewhere near the Carracks, and that Farmer Tregaskis had a seine-boat drawn up by the old pallace* at Gunner's Meadow, just opposite the Carracks—'

[The Vicar paused here. 'I ought to tell you, my boy, that in those days, when the seining paid, Tregaskis—that's the father of the present farmer—had a pallace down there, by the edge of the withy-bed. The wall we crouched behind last night is the only bit of it left.]

"'It struck me,' I told Dick, 'that if it were possible to knock up Tregaskis and his boys and the farm-hand who slept on the premises, and get this boat launched through the surf, we should reach the wreck almost as soon as the life-boat. So I took a lantern and ran across the fields to the farm. Lights were burning there in two or three windows, and Mrs. Tregaskis, who answered my knock, told me that her husband and the boys had already started off—she believed for Gunner's Meadow, to launch their boat. There had been talk of doing so, anyhow, before they set out. Accordingly off I pelted hot-foot for the meadow, but on reaching the slope above it could see no lanterns either about the pallace or on the beach. It turned out afterwards that the Tregaskis family had indeed visited the beach, ten minutes ahead of me, but judging it beyond their powers to launch the boat short-handed through the surf, were by this time on their way towards

* Pilchard store.

the Porth. I thought this likely enough at the time, but resolved to run down and make sure.

"Hitherto I had carried my lantern unlit: but on reaching the combe bottom I halted for a moment under the lee of the pallace-wall to strike a match. In that moment, in a sudden lull of the breakers, it seemed to me that I heard a footstep on the loose stones of the beach; and having lit my candle hastily I ran round the wall and gave a loud hail. It was not answered—the sound had ceased—but hurrying down the beach with my lantern held high, I presently saw a man between me and the water's edge. I believe now that he was trying to get away unobserved: but finding this hopeless he stood still with his hands in his pockets, and allowed me to come up. He was bare-headed, and dressed only in shirt and trousers and boots. Somehow, though I did not recognise him, I never doubted for a moment that the man belonged either to my own or the next parish. I was a newcomer in those days, you remember.

"'Hulloa!' said I, 'where do you come from?'

"He stared at me stupidly and jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the west. I inferred that he came from one of the shore-farms in that direction. He looked like a middle-aged farmer—a grizzled man with a serious responsible face. "But you're wet through," I said, for his clothes were drenched.

"For answer he pointed towards the surf, and lifting my lantern again, I detected a small cask floating a little beyond the breakers. Now before coming to Lansulyan I had heard some ugly tales of the wrecking done in these parts, and at the sight of this I fairly lost my temper. "It seems to me," said I, "a man of your age should be ashamed of himself, lurking here for miserable booty when there are lives to save! In God's name, if you have a spark of manhood in you, follow me to the Porth!" I swung off in a rage, and up the beach: after a moment I heard him slowly following. On the cliff track I swallowed down my wrath and waited for him to come up, meaning to expostulate more gently. He did not come up. I hailed twice, but he had vanished into the night.

"Now this looked ugly. And on reflection, when I reached the Porth and heard men wondering how on earth a fine ship found herself on Menawhiden in such weather, it looked uglier yet. The fellow—now I came to think it over—had certainly shrunk from detection. Then, thirty hours later, came your story of the face, and upset me further. I kept my suspicions to myself, however. The matter was too grave for random talking but I resolved to keep eyes and ears open, and if this horrible practice of wrecking did really exist, to expose it without mercy.

"Well I have lived some years since in Lansulyan; and I am absolutely sure now that no such horrors exist, if they ever existed."

"But the man?" was Dick's query.

"That's what I'm coming to. You may be sure I looked out for him: for, unlike you, I remembered the face I saw. Yet until to-day I have never seen it since."

"Until to-day?"

"Yes. The man I saw on the beach was Miss Felicia's gardener, John Emmet. He has shaved his beard, but I'll swear to him."

"All that Dick could do was to pull the pipe from his mouth and give a long whistle. "But what do you make of it?" he asked with a frown.

"As yet, nothing. Where does the man live?"

"In a small cottage at the end of the village, just outside the gate of the kitchen-garden."

"Married?"

"No: a large family lives next door and he pays the eldest girl to do some odd jobs of housework."

"Then to-morrow," said I, "I'll pay him a call."

"Seen your man?" asked Dick next evening, as we

the power (so he said) ever since the night the *Nerbuddha* struck.

"So it was that every afternoon found the day's work ended in my garden, and John Emmet, in my sixteen-foot boat, exploring the currents and soundings about Menawhiden. And almost every day I went with him. He had become a learner—for the third time in his life; and the quickest learner (in spite of his years) I have ever known, for his mind was bent on that single purpose. I should tell you that the Trinity House had discovered Menawhiden at last and placed the bell-buoy there—which is and always has been entirely useless: also that the Lifeboat Institution had listened to some suggestions of mine and were reorganising the service down at the Porth. And it was now my hope that John Emmet might become coxswain of the boat as soon as he had local knowledge to back up the seamanship and aptitude for command in which I knew him to excel every man in the Porth. There were jealousies, of course: but he wrangled with no man, and in the end I had my way pretty easily. Within four years of his coming John Emmet knew more of Menawhiden than any man in the parish, possibly more than all the parish put together. And to-day the parish is proud of him and his record.

"But they do not know—and you are to be one of the four persons in the world who know—that John Emmet was no other than John

Murchison, the captain who lost the *Nerbuddha*. He had come ashore in the darkness some five minutes before I had surprised him on the beach: had come ashore clinging to the keg which I saw floating just beyond the breakers. Then and there, stunned and confounded by the consequences of his carelessness, he had played the coward for the first and last time in his life. He had run away—and Heaven knows if in his shoes I should not have done the same. For two nights and a day a hideous fascination tied him to the spot. It was his face Dick had seen at the window. The man had been hiding all day in the trench by the north wall of the churchyard; as Dick ran out with a lantern he slipped behind a grave-stone, and when Dick gave up the search, he broke cover and fled inland. He changed his name: let this be his excuse, he had neither wife nor child. The man knew something of gardening: he had a couple of pounds and some odd shillings in his pocket—enough to take him to one of the big midland towns—Wolverhampton, I think—where he found work as a jobbing gardener. But something of the fascination which had held him lurking about Lansulyan, drove him to Cressingham, which—he learned from the newspaper accounts of the wreck—was Colonel Stanhope's country seat. Or perhaps he had some vague idea that Heaven would grant him a chance

to make amends. You understand now how the little Felicia became his idol.

"At Lansulyan he had but two desires. The first was to live until he had saved as many lives as his carelessness had lost in the *Nerbuddha*. For it was nothing worse, but mere forgetfulness to change the course: one of those dreadful lapses of memory which baffle all Board of Trade inquiry. You may light, and buoy, and beacon every danger along the coast, and still you leave that small kink in the skipper's brain which will cast away a ship for all your care. The second of his desires you have helped me to fulfil. He wished in death to be John Murchison again, and lie where his ship lies: lie with his grand error atoned for. John Emmet needs no gravestone: for John Emmet lived but to earn John Murchison's right to a half-forgotten tablet describing him as a brave man. And I believe that Heaven, which does not count by tally, has granted his wish."

THE END.



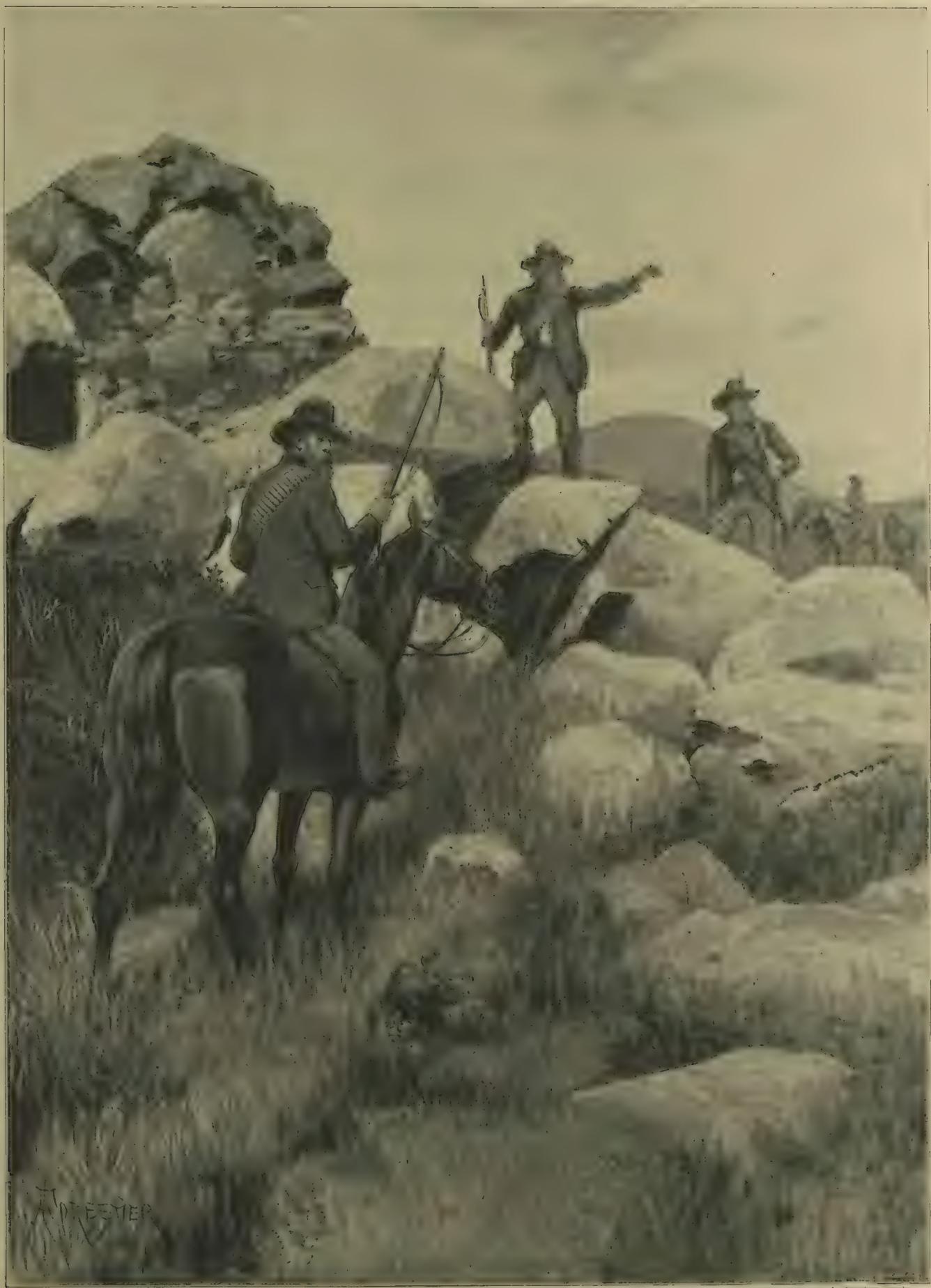
"I never saw such a face in my life as he turned on us."

"THE MYSTERY OF JOHN EMMET,"—BY "Q."

walked up towards the house, where again we were due for dinner.

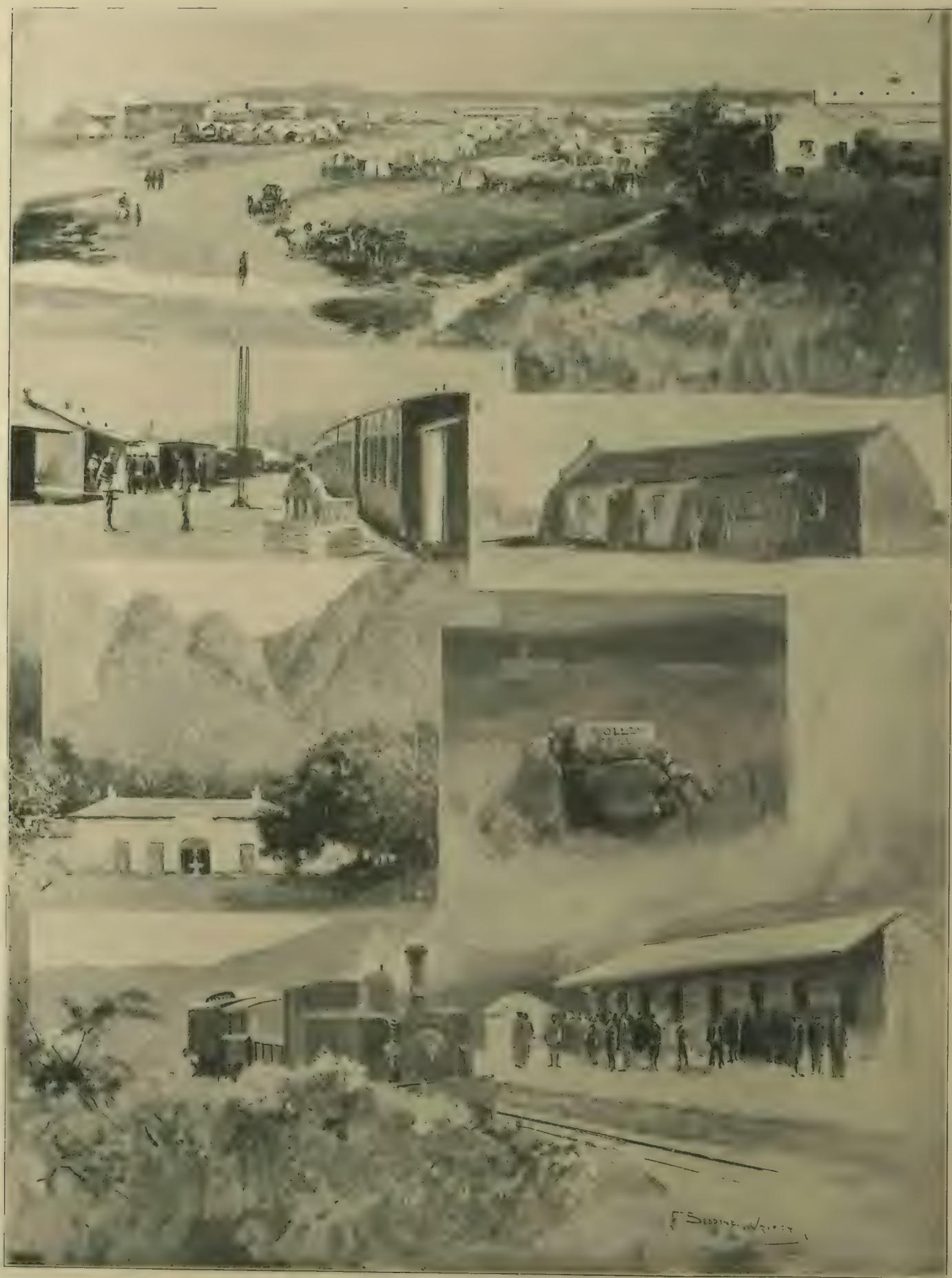
"I have just come from him: and what's more I have a proposition to make to Miss Felicia, if you and she can spare me an hour this evening?"

"The upshot of our talk was that, a week later, as I drove home from the station after my long railway journey, John Emmet sat by my side. He had taken service with me as gardener, and for nine years he served me well. You'll hardly believe it!"—here the Vicar's gaze travelled over the unkempt flower-beds—"but under John Emmet's hand this garden of mine was a picture. The fellow would have half a day's work done before the rest of the parish was out of bed. I never knew a human creature who needed less sleep—that's not the way to put it, though—the man couldn't sleep: he had lost



LIKELY COVER FOR BOERS IN ACTION: VIEW ON BONTIBOK FLATS, CATHCART DISTRICT, WITH GIAKA'S KOP IN THE DISTANCE.

It is upon such Kopjes or hillocks that the Boers take cover. They lie down behind the stones, upon which they rest their guns and fire away with small chance of being hit.

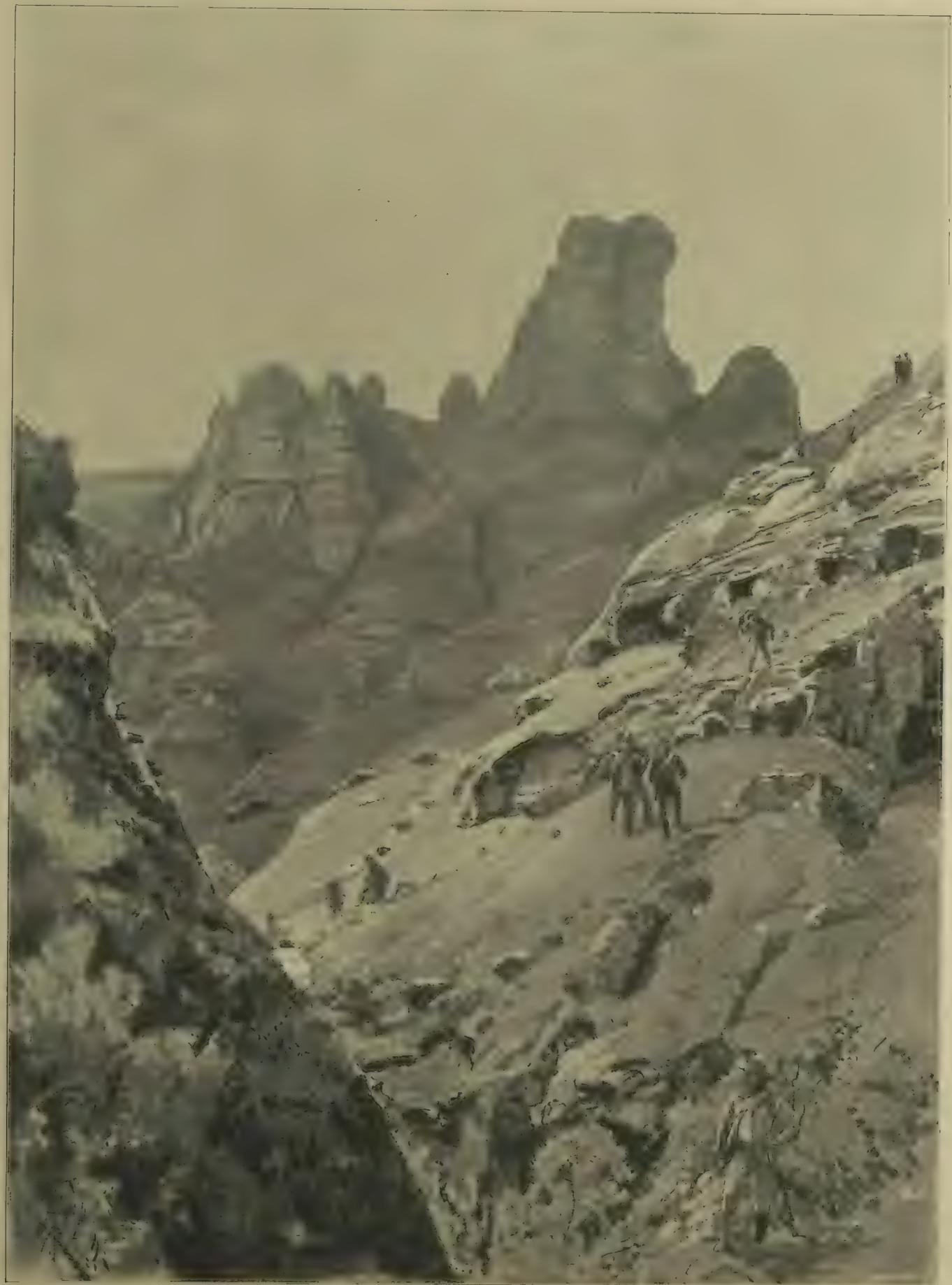


1. A Boer Encampment on the Occasion of a "Nacht-Maal," or Celebration of the Lord's Supper.
4. Newlands, the late Lord Rosmead's Private Residence at Cape Town.

ation of the Lord's Supper. 2. The Railway Station at Pretoria.
5. The Spot where General Pomeroy-G

2. The Railway Station at Pretoria.
5. The Spot where General Pomeroy-Colley fell

3. Original Building of the Standard Bank of South Africa.
6. The Station at Arcoa, South African Republic.



DRAKENSERG, ON THE TRANSVAAL BORDER, WHERE THE BOERS ARE IN LAAGER.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS: TRANSPORT WAGONS.



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS: INSPECTION OF HORSES.



THE TELEGRAPH CORPS EN ROUTE.



ADJUSTING THE TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS TO FIELD BALLOON.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Another military pageant has marked the Queen's stay this autumn at Balmoral. The 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders were presented by her Majesty, on Sept. 29, with new colours to replace those under which for thirty years they had mustered on many a gallant field. The rites of trooping the old flag and of consecrating the new one were duly performed in the presence of her Majesty, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Edward of York among the other beholders. The Queen made a little speech to the distinguished regiment, in which she confessed to taking "an especial interest, from its being associated with my dear son, the Duke of Albany." Colonel Hughes-Hallett, in command, thanked her Majesty for the honour done to the 2nd Battalion. "From to-day," he said, "it becomes the proud privilege and honourable duty of every individual member of the Battalion to guard and cherish these colours as a token of devoted loyalty to your Majesty."

The popularity of Scotland has been more than ever in evidence this season. The presence there of the Queen and her Court is familiar enough; but this season her Majesty has been surrounded with more members of her family than ever before in the North. The Prince of Wales has been her visitor; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children have been in constant attendance as Princess Henry of Battenberg and hers; and the addition of the Duke and Duchess of York and their children has taken into Scotland four actual or possible occupants of the throne of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Balfour is a Scotsman, and, what is not always the same thing, a frequenter of Scotland; and the last few days have seen Mr. Chaplin and other members of the Government, as well as Mr. Asquith, and other members of the Opposition, brought together on Scottish soil. The contrast between that part of her Majesty's dominions

and another as a popular holiday haunt for public personages receives its final touch in the announcement that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has arrived at Beauly, N.B.

Military ballooning has received a wonderful auxiliary in wireless telegraphy. We illustrate a system of reconnoitring where both balloons and electrical waves are employed. The large balloon does the scouting, the smaller one, which a soldier in attendance on the commanding officer can tow about by hand, receives the message and transmits it to the instruments on the ground. Twenty balloons have been despatched to the Cape. They are made of gold-beater's skin and are quite impermeable, having kept up six months at Aldershot without losing their lifting power. Elaborate experiments point to the utility of this system in warfare.

Even the Duke of Devonshire must find it a little difficult, in the midst of the Transvaal crisis, to get a hearing for the perennial topic of technical education. Still, in opening extensions of the Free Library and the Technical School at New Mills, Derbyshire, on Saturday afternoon last week, he had the topic ready to his hand. It is subject that the Duke has mentioned on past occasions with something of a grumble; but now he finds it possible to speak in a more congratulatory tone. Technical education has at last really made itself a part of our national system of training; and he promises new legislation by which local authorities will have increased powers to push on a work that cannot be properly speeded by a central Educational Department alone.

England has had a very good half-year in her revenue receipts. The last six months ending with September, when compared with the corresponding six months of last year, show the enormous net increase of £3,495,000. Of this the Post Office yields an increase of about £340,000, the Customs of about £500,000, the Telegraph service of about £165,000, and the Excise of over a £1,000,000.



MILITARY BALLOONING: WICKER-WORK CAR FOR TWO PASSENGERS, FITTED WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS.



MILITARY BALLOONING: HOW WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY WILL BE WORKED.

The large balloon reconnoitres and transmits by electrical waves the whereabouts of the enemy to the small balloon, which is easily towed about by one man accompanying the officer directing operations.



MILITARY BALLOONING: RECONNOITRING IN A STRONG WIND.

The balloon holds 11,000 cubic feet of gas. Ten of these balloons have been sent to Cape Colony, ten to Natal. The lifting power of each is 700 lb.

"A Prisoner of the Khaleefa: Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman," by Charles Neufeld (Chapman and Hall), though not equally interesting, on the whole, since the experiences which it relates are less varied and extensive, and the topic has now less freshness and novelty than belonged to the narratives of Father Ohrwalder and Slatin Pasha, is equally worthy of credit. The present reviewer, having diligently perused those and other well-authenticated accounts of the reign of the Mahdi and Khaleefa, the acts and the fate of General Gordon, and the military expeditions conducted by Lord Wolseley for the relief of Gordon, and recently by Lord Kitchener for the recovery of Khartoum, must avow his opinion that all Mr. Charles Neufeld's own statements are perfectly consistent with the best information that has been published, including official reports. As for the chapter "How Gordon Died," that involves matter of opinion. In rebutting the numerous charges brought against him, Mr. Neufeld, in our judgment, proves as clearly as, under the circumstances, any man, English or German, soldier or civilian, could be required to do, his loyalty to the common cause of civilisation against the horrible and inhuman tyranny of the Mahdi's successor.

The specific charges that were brought against Mr. Neufeld, of which he bitterly complains, are that he manufactured saltpetre for gunpowder, and constructed machinery for the ordnance factory, in aid of the Khaleefa's military forces; that he married, successively, and subsequently divorced two black women, though he had a good English wife living in this country to whom he is now happily restored; and that he refused to quit Omdurman upon two occasions when arrangements for his safe escape had been prepared at some cost to the subscribers in Europe. He shows, on the other hand, to the satisfaction of a candid reader, that the Mohammedan legal ceremony of marriage, which he was twice compelled to go through, was a merely formal compliance with the necessity of his situation, not really an act of bigamy; that he purposely and systematically wasted the Khaleefa's money,



CHARLES NEUFELD "WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES" IN PRISON.

From Charles Neufeld's "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa." (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

materials, and slave labour, in producing a sham store of ammunition worse than useless for warfare, and machines which could never work, that he did not construct the riverside forts, or the torpedoes and explosives along the Nile, but he eventually sent to our army precise directions for avoiding and removing them, and that he was constantly occupied with schemes for effecting his own escape, never rejecting or omitting an actual opportunity, at whatever risk of death or of increased torture, which few men of European race have braved with more fortitude than Charles Neufeld. The book is not all pleasant reading; but Mr. Neufeld's volume has its value as a truthful record of the real condition of a portion of mankind. The illustrations, about forty in number, are mostly portraits or groups of figures, one of which is borrowed for this Journal by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. We hope the publication will help to better the author's fortunes. It ought certainly to gain him a fair share of social esteem.

Mrs. Baker, who died at Anne Hathaway's cottage, near Stratford-on-Avon, on Monday, claimed to be a descendant of the Hathaways whom William Shakspere made immortal. The pedigree in Mrs. Baker's family Bible begins with Susan Hathaway, believed to have been Anne's niece. Here it is—

Susan Hathaway m. William Taylor

John Hathaway Taylor m. Elizabeth Dobbin

Mary Taylor m. George Baker

The old lady had lived in Anne's home for over eighty years, and for over sixty had been showing it to visitors of all ranks and nationalities, latterly as the servant of the Shakspere

Birthplace Trust. Without the relics in the form of furniture of Shakspere's date which it contained, and which were sold separately, the house was purchased by the Trust for £3000, or somewhere near ten times the figure at which the Taylor family parted with it to a private individual years before, when visitors to Shakspere Land were less numerous.



THE LATE MRS. BAKER (DESCENDANT OF ANNE HATHAWAY), AT THE DOOR OF HER RESIDENCE, ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The serene old lady of the Hathaway blood who lived in it was always the principal attraction. She died when close upon her eighty-seventh birthday. She is survived by one son. The photograph is an excellent likeness. On the table is Mrs. Baker's family Bible.

The 10th "Prince of Wales's Own Royal" Hussars were raised and founded by General Gore in Hertfordshire during the Rebellion of the Old Pretender in 1715. The regiment distinguished itself in assisting to suppress the Rebellion of '45, fighting both at Falkirk and Culloden. It first saw foreign service in Germany in 1758 and 1763, and took part at the battle of Minden, where it pursued the enemy for over two hundred miles. The regiment also served at Warburg, Campen, Kirch-Denkern, and at Groebenstein. In 1783 it was permitted to bear the title of "The Prince of Wales's Own Light Dragoons." His Royal Highness was appointed its Colonel in 1796. In 1811 he added the title "Royal" to his regiment. The Prince of Wales's Own embarked for the Peninsula in 1808, and fought at Sahagun, Saldana, Majorga, and Benevente, and at Corunna, during the disastrous retreat, the 10th lost one officer and seventeen men from exhaustion. They again returned to the Peninsula in 1813, and were brigaded with the 15th and 18th Light Dragoons, under the command of Colonel Grant; and at Morales they made two hundred prisoners of the French 10th Regiment of Dragoons. They were present at Hormaza, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Pamplona, Orthes, Tarbes, and Toulouse, gaining the honour of bearing "Peninsula" on their guidons, and embarked at Boulogne for England.

Their period in England was brief, for in 1815 they arrived at Ostend, and were brigaded with the 18th Hussars and the 1st King's German Legion, under Sir Hussey-Vivian. They arrived too late to join in the fighting at Quatre-Bras, but they assisted to cover the retreat of the army on Waterloo; they were to the fore on the ever-to-be-remembered 18th of June. It was with Sir F. Roberts in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-79, in the Kurram Column and in the Khost Valley, that the 10th were invaluable; they made a successful charge at Futehabad, and were at the operations at Ali Musjid. Their last honours were won in 1884 in Egypt, where they fought at Suakin and at El Teb, Tamai, and Tamanieh. The officers in this regiment wear a peculiar chain pouch belt, from which they are nicknamed the "Chainy Tonk."



BADGE OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.



1789



1815



ACTIVE SERVICE 1899.

HOME SERVICE 1899



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: HOW THE BOERS PRACTISE SHOOTING.

Every Michaelmas Day the Lord Mayor of the City of London is elected for the year ensuing by the Liverymen of the City Guilds. In the olden days there was a special service in the ancient Guildhall Chapel, which was pulled down in 1822, much to the architectural loss of Guildhall Yard. Since this date the Corporation has attended St. Lawrence Jewry, which is the parish church of a portion of the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, preceded by the Mace-bearer and Sword-bearer, walks in procession with the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, from the Guildhall to the church, entering by the west door and proceeding up the centre of the building to the Corporation Pew (shown in the accompanying illustration). The Lord Mayor occupies the chair of state, whilst the Aldermen are seated upon the benches along the four sides of the pew. The service used on these occasions is the Auto-Communion office, followed by a sermon from the Lord Mayor's Chaplain. After the sermon a return is made to the Guildhall. There Mr. Alderman Newton was chosen new Lord Mayor.

St. Lawrence Jewry, one of Wren's churches, was finished in 1680, and is noted for the magnificent carving of its organ and door-cases, and the beauty of the paintings and carved work in the vestry, which is the finest room in any London church. The Corporation pew, which is the largest pew in the City, measures 15 ft. by 9 ft.—the size of a small room. It is surrounded by a panelled screen 3½ ft. high, including the beautiful open carved work which surmounts it. The doors of the pew bear the City arms and griffins. Before the Lord Mayor's chair, which is covered in crimson velvet, stands a small table for his Lordship's books; and behind the chair rises the fine wrought-iron sword-stand for the reception of the City Sword. The pew is carpeted and upholstered in red, and wears an air of quaint luxury and stateliness in keeping with the importance of the occasion.

The story of the preliminaries of the most pacific of yacht-races is one of perils and adventures. The *Shamrock*, though her mission in American waters is one of friendship, if also of rivalry, has been no exception to the rule. The winds in New York Harbour have sometimes blown her too much, just as the calms kept her too quiescent in mid-Atlantic. There was the drifting vessel that nearly ran into her; and there was the sprinkling of her deck when a shell from the practising forts fell alarmingly near to her. Then, on a morning when everything seemed to promise a good spin, the jaw

of the gaff was carried off, and the end of the spar stuck out beyond the mast on the after side, jamming the throat halyards, so that there was much trouble in lowering the sail and much fear of the gaff going through the mainsail. Not by any minor disabilities of the sort was courage lost by Sir Thomas Lipton in his attempt to bring back to England the America Cup—a silver vessel, not of high intrinsic value, and familiarly known on the other side as "the mug." The latest results from the waters of contest will be found on another page.

Back again to farce goes the Criterion under Mr. Frohman's régime. Once more, as the English title of the new piece suggests ("My Daughter-in-Law") there is exploited the stale topic of the mother-in-law, and the treatment of the theme is of the usual mechanical order. You have the youthful couple and the old people living in adjacent flats, the jealous mother and her amiable little rival wearing the same dinner-frock; and the final triumph of the younger generation turning on the familiar catastrophe which reveals the father as an elderly reprobate. Perhaps "My Daughter-in-Law" is a little more innocent than the average vaudeville, though there is nothing very nice in a mother-in-law who plans to secure a divorce for her son that he may marry her in a heroine who unscrupulously outmanoeuvres the

old lady at the expense of her unhappy father-in-law. Nor does the political atmosphere which hangs over the play assist the fun: a private secretary who copies the poses of a famous statesman is not even unconsciously humorous; while the introduction of a short-sighted art connoisseur and a deaf musical critic, to afford entertainment through their physical afflictions, is not too worthy an expedient. And to atone for the tameness of the fun and the thinness of the story there is no very striking acting at the Criterion. Mr. Herbert Standing in the rôle of a henpecked husband, Miss Fanny Brough in her truculent vein, Mr. Seymour Hicks and charming Ellaline Terriss as the young rebels, work hard and earnestly, but there is no irresistible gaiety about either play or players.

The Princess's management on Saturday last revived Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay's wildly incredible but plausibly pathetic melodrama, "Alone in London." Fourteen years ago, at the Olympic, its realistic stage pictures of Westminster Bridge and the Rotherhithe sluice-gates, and its capital interpretation at the hands of such sterling performers as Leonard Boyne, Herbert Standing, and poor Amy Roselle, won this piece an exceptional popularity. But both the scenic effects and the acting supplied now at the Princess's will bear comparison with those of the original production. Miss Lillah McCarthy is now the flower-girl heroine so outraged in her feelings both as wife and mother; Mr. William Clayton plays Nan's flashy and criminal husband; and

Mr. Frank Cooper is cast for the rôle of the bashful but athletic hero. All three show spirit and intensity; while certain memorable comic characters find admirable representatives in Mr. Fred Emney, Mr. Sidney Howard, Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, and above all, in clever Miss Laura Linden.

October bids fair to be as busy a theatrical month as September. On Thursday, too late for detailed notice this week, Messrs. Frank Wheeler and Broadhurst Brothers produced at the Strand a new "operatic farce" entitled "The Prince of Borneo." To-night Mr. Wilson Barrett presents at the Lyceum the long-promised and seemingly controversial drama of social contrasts, "Man and His Makers," which the actor-manager has written in conjunction with Mr. Louis Parker. A strong cast has been engaged for this interesting occasion, of which the most prominent members are Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Haidee Wright, Miss Maud Jeffries, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Ambrose Manning, and, of course, Mr. Wilson Barrett himself.



PEW IN ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY OCCUPIED BY THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR DURING THE MAYORAL SERMON ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

Photo, supplied by A. S. Walker.



THE AMERICA CUP.



THE BROKEN GAFF OF THE "SHAMROCK."

Photo, Burton, New York.

THE AMERICA CUP: THE YACHTS AND THEIR CAPTAINS.



CAPTAIN CHARLES BARR,
"COLUMBIA."



THE STERN OF THE "SHAMROCK."



CAPTAIN ARCHIE HOGARTH,
"SHAMROCK."



Photo: West, Southsea.
"SHAMROCK," THE CUP CHALLENGER.



Photo: West, Southsea.
"COLUMBIA," THE CUP DEFENDER OF 1899.



"DEFENDER" BOW ON, RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND
WITH SPINNAKER ON.



"COLUMBIA" ON THE WAYS.



"COLUMBIA" CLOSE-HAULED ON THE PORT TACK,
SANDY HOOK, JULY 6.

THE "COLUMBIA"—FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Printed, 1899, by the S. S. McClure Co. in U.S.A.

The opening races between the *Columbia* and *Shamrock* impart special interest to a comprehensive article on "The Racing Yacht," by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, copyrighted in the United States by the S. S. McClure Co., by arrangement with whom we publish views of the challenger and defender, and a diagram of a racing-yacht.

Something more than a quarter of a million dollars has been expended in building, fitting, and racing the greatest of American yachts, the *Columbia*, in preparation for her contest with the greatest of English yachts, the *Shamrock*. In addition to this it is estimated, and the estimate is conservative, that the five races of early October will cost the cup defenders at least \$200,000. Sir Thomas Lipton,



THE "COLUMBIA," SHOWING STEEL MAST CARRIED AWAY AUGUST 2, 1899.

what with crossing the ocean twice with the *Shamrock* and her great steam-tender, will spend even more than the Americans.

In a general way, it may be said that the lighter the yacht and the greater the spread of sail, the faster will be the speed. But a boat too light will not be strong enough to support the necessarily immense sails, and the genius of the designer finds its perfect work in approaching

closest to this deal-line ratio between lightness and strength. And the very fact that every portion of the yacht has been pared down to its finest is a broad warning to the racing enthusiast that he must look sharp for accidents: a *Columbia* just from the ways will snap its huge steel mast like a pipe-stem, a broken gaff will douse the mainsail of a *Defender* in the midst of a race.

No question in yacht-building is quite so interesting and important as the one of keel; whether it shall be a centre-board—that is, a loose keel-board which drops down sideways through a slit in the bottom of the boat; or a fin-keel, cutting deep like the fin of a fish; or an ordinary deep cutter keel. The famous old cup-winners, *Volunteer* and *Puritan*, were provided with centre-boards, a pet American institution, whereas the later yachts, *Defender* and *Columbia*, and all the English racers, have been deep-keel boats.

These two fine points of the racer—the light hull and the deep, heavy keel—have been made more effective in the *Columbia* by wonderful economy and beauty of design. Her curves have the indescribable grace of the arched neck of a high-born horse. In older times, before racing was as much esteemed as it is to-day, the designer whittled his model from a block of wood and tried it according to the pleasure of his eye, and it often happened that after the vessel was finished it must perchance be pared away at this point and thickened up at that to remedy vita

ailing defects. To-day yacht-modelling is much more of a science. The designer knows the curve of displacement with mathematical certainty, and he can float his yacht exactly on a predetermined water-line. But the genius of a Burgess or a Herreshoff may still find play in shaping the beauty curves of the hull, for in that particular yacht-designing is still an art, and always will be. So much for the hull of a great racer. The rigging and the sails are quite as wonderful. The cup-defenders of recent years have been sloop-rigged—that is, they have had a single mast. The original cup-winner, the *America*, was a schooner-yacht, or, in sea-talk, a "two-sticker." In the case of the *Columbia*, the mast is a mighty affair, a great steel tube, made

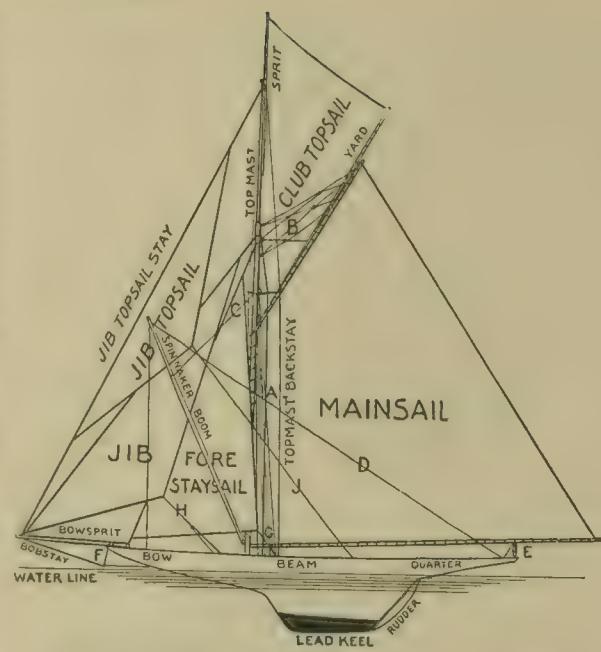


DIAGRAM OF RACING YACHT, NAMING SAILS, ROPE, AND SPARS.

of plates, and braced inside with angle-irons, the first steel mast ever used on a cup defender. Above it rises the top-mast, 64 ft. long, and above that the club-topsail pole, so that the highest tip of the yacht is 175 ft.

above the water, 35 ft. too high to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge, and 44 ft. more than the length of the yacht. The exact location of this mighty mast, so that the centre of effort of the sails will bear the proper relation to the centre of lateral resistance of the hull, and the sails will be exactly balanced, is the last and most important secret which the builder has to divulge. And he has no rules to follow—he must rely on the wise dictates

of experience. It is hard to realise the spread of *Columbia*'s canvas. The steel boom, which stretches the foot of her mainsail, is nearly 110 ft. long, exceeding by 20 ft. the water-line length of the yacht herself, so that, when "close-hauled"—that is, when the boom is drawn in until it is nearly parallel with the length of the boat—the tip extends far out over the water to the rear of the yacht. It has been calculated that this mighty piece of canvas—the largest sail, indeed, ever placed on a vessel of any size—would have furnished all the sails of the old *America*, with enough canvas left over to make several jib-topsails and a complete set of sail-covers. The entire stretch of the *Columbia*'s canvas is about 15,000 square feet.

More than one 90-ton schooner has doubled the Horn with a crew of five men and the cook, but these latter-day racers require from thirty to fifty men to handle their enormous sails, enough of a crew to crowd the narrow deck until it has the appearance of an excursion-boat, and enough of a weight to help appreciably in crushing down a windward beam in a squall. In order to feed and bunk these great crews, both the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock*



THE NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE: THE LARGEST SPAN IN THE WORLD.

are accompanied by big steam-tenders, that of the *Shamrock*, having cost \$100,000. In the *Columbia* there are absolutely no quarters. Imagination paints the interior of the modern yacht as a temple of luxury, electrically lighted and magnificently furnished. A single glance through a gangway into the interior of the *Columbia* is enough to dispel all illusions. There are steel beams and braces, and the plating of the hull—and emptiness. She is totally unfinished, no equipment or furnishing being added for fear of increasing the weight and thereby reducing speed.

Racing-yachts, like racing-horses, have three principal paces. A horse specialises—he is a good trotter, a good runner, or a good pacer, according to his training—but a yacht is expected to be almost equally proficient in all of her paces. The chief of these, and it is unquestionably the finest of all developments in yacht-racing, is called "pointing"; which expresses the ability of a yacht for sailing in the direction from which the wind is blowing. All sailing craft, when the wind is dead ahead of them, are compelled to tack back and forth, and the vessel that can make its course with the fewest tacks—that is, sail straightest toward the wind—will necessarily win the race. The *Columbia* will point her bowsprit well within four points, or forty-five degrees, of the wind, closer, perhaps, than any American ship ever before was able to sail. In pointing, the sheets (the ropes which let out or pull in the boom and control the mainsail) are hauled in close, so that the boom is almost parallel with the length of the yacht; and if the wind is strong, the racer often lies over until her lee rails (the side of the yacht away from the wind) are awash, and the men lie up to windward flat on their sides, like rows of dried herring. A yacht in this trim is said to be "close-hauled."

The next most important pace of the yacht is called "reaching," in which she is said to be sailing with "startled sheets"—that is, her boom is allowed to swing a little outboard, at an acute angle with the length of the yacht, so that the mainsail catches a good deal of the breeze. In reaching, the wind is on one side, or beam, of the yacht, or just abaft the beam, that is, towards the stern.

The third pace of the racer is called "running," in which the wind is blowing directly behind the yacht. In this case the sheets are "eased away," or let out until the mainsail stands at a broad angle with the length of the boat. It is in running before the wind that the yachtsman "breaks out" or spreads his spinnaker, the spinnaker being an exceedingly important racing sail, which is set by means of a removable boom just opposite and balancing the mainsail. It is an enormous sail of light balloon-cloth. A good yacht's crew can put up the spinnaker

matched under two exactly opposite sets of conditions. The other races will be sailed over a triangular course, ten miles on a side, or "leg," so that the yachts can be tried in all of their paces.

As in a horse-race, perhaps the most important feature of a yacht-race is what is called "jockeying for a start." Just as that rider who is successful in getting the pole is regarded as the most accomplished jockey, so the skipper who succeeds in driving his boat closest into the wind, and crossing the line exactly on time to the windward of his

rivals, is likely to get a long advantage—at least, on the first leg of the course; for, being to the windward, he cuts off, or blankets, the other yachts from the wind with his own huge sails. This effort to get to windward and not to cross the starting-line until the exact moment of the firing of the gun, causes great excitement.

When the races are over, the day of the racers themselves is done. The *Columbia* has been built for the express purpose of developing a speed sufficient to beat the *Shamrock* on a particular occasion. When that occasion is past, her value to a large extent has passed with it. Her owners will do well if they can sell her for \$25,000. The *Vigilant*, which is said to have cost upwards of \$100,000, was sold, after she defeated *Valkyrie II.*, to George J. Gould for \$27,000; but she was better fitted for general service, perhaps, than the *Columbia*. The *America*, although rebuilt, still possesses the racing blood which made her famous. She has had a most remarkable history. After her famous race around the Isle of Wight, she attracted such wide

interest among British yachtsmen that she was purchased by Lord de Blaquiére, and raced in English waters with much success. During the Civil War she was employed as a despatch-boat and blockade-runner by the Confederate Government, a service for which her swiftness eminently fitted her. She was sunk for some time in St. John's River, being afterwards raised and refitted by the Federal Government, man-o'-war fashion, as a practice-vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy. Only last year she beat the *Puritan* in a lively sailing-race in the schooner class, and she stands out to-day, as she did in 1851, as a splendid example of American shipbuilding.



THE PRESIDENCY, BLOEMFONTEIN.

boom and break out the great sail within five minutes. It is always the occasion of great activity and apparent excitement aboard ship, and he is a wise skipper who knows just the proper moment to put up his spinnaker and to take it in again.

In all yacht-races the courses are so arranged as to give the yachts the greatest possible variety of sailing weather. For instance, in the coming races between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* off Sandy Hook, one course will be a straight-away run of fifteen miles and return. If the wind follows on the run out, it will probably be a head wind during the run home, so that the yachts will be



THE POSITION OF BOER STRONGHOLDS.

Showing their western boundary and the mountainous country and road between Mafeking and Pretoria. Boers occupy a strong position at Zeerust, guarding the road to Pretoria. The British troops are massing at Ramathlabama. (Scale, eight miles to the inch.)

LADIES' PAGES.

I wonder if Tennyson was quite right when he wrote: "The fame that follows death is nothing to us"? It would be sad, if this were surely true, to see a posthumous over-growing appreciation of which the object could not have had the least expectation. The worker for a political reform or a social change in which he thoroughly believes will surely have a Pisgah-like vision (perhaps but a mirage, alas!) of the final success of his cause, as mankind grow more enlightened; for a faith in his principles justifies a belief in the ultimate reward of his own services to them in the shape of the appreciation of posterity. But no such assurance can be felt about literary or artistic fame; if it be not gained and enjoyed in life, the worker can have no reason to suppose that the work will live on and secure more just recognition in days to come. Yet sometimes this actually occurs; and instead of the current of time washing away into the sea of oblivion the little barque that was hardly observed when it was launched at first, the progress of that mighty stream only clears away the competing crowd that hid the effort of genius, and reveals it to the admiration of the generation following after.

Emily Brontë is the most striking illustration of "the fame that follows death." Her short life ended with its scanty work apparently already passed into complete, unpraised oblivion; she could not possibly have hoped for what has actually happened: that not only would her novel and her poems be continually reprinted, but that a succession of influential critics would allot her a high place in the hierarchy of English literature. A double memorial to Jane Austen, which is now being raised, recalls another, though less extreme, case in point. A monument over Miss Austen's grave in Winchester Cathedral is being erected by public subscription; and a tablet has just been placed on the house in which she once resided at Bath. Jane Austen did not so utterly miss her reward in her lifetime as Emily Brontë; but she can have had no idea while she lived of the position that would ultimately be assigned to her in letters. For long years (she died in 1817) she has been an "author's author." Sir Walter Scott's recently published diary records his reading "Emma" for the fourth time; Harriet Martineau speaks of reading "Persuasion" for the eleventh time; Archbishop Whately used to make a capacity for enjoying her works his test of an individual's literary intelligence; and Macaulay declared her in many respects next to Shakspere! At last, after so long, this enthusiasm is spreading to the general reading public.

The Countess of Aberdeen is editing a report of the Transactions at the recent Congress of Women. It is to be shortly published in seven volumes at three shillings and sixpence each. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, the treasurer, has just issued her official financial report, from which it appears that upwards of 5000 persons paid for admission to



AN EVENING WRAP OF WHITE CLOTH OUTLINED WITH JET.

the meetings. Many more tickets could have been sold, hundreds having to be turned away from nearly all the meetings. The total receipts from sale of tickets and literature were over £1100; besides which £670 was subscribed (all by ladies, except £14 given by four men) for preliminary expenses. The whole cost of the Congress, hire of halls, printing, secretarial salaries, postages, reporting, and all else, is thus paid, and a balance is left, of which £300 is assigned for printing the Transactions, and £100 is given as a donation to the "International Council," under whose auspices (with Lady Aberdeen as president) the meetings were arranged. Of course, it is obvious that the organisation was done so cheaply by aid of an immense amount of unpaid work by the hon. secretaries and members of the various sectional committees. It is certainly a most creditable record of organisation and business management on the part of women—for though some gentlemen read papers to the Congress, the arrangements were made exclusively by ladies.

Our Illustrations depict handsome evening wraps, both showing the use of white and black together. One is of white cloth strapped and outlined with jet, and trimmed with full flounceings of white chiffon edged with black velvet ribbon. It is lined and trimmed, as shown, with black and white striped satin. The other is also of white cloth, the seams trimmed down with narrow passementerie of jet and silver, each line ending under a black velvet rosette. Lace is festooned round it, supported on chiffon flounces, and a lace scarf finishes off the front. The upturned hood round the shoulders is in harmony with the rest of the design.

As the wise woman builds her house, in the emphatic words of Solomon, so does she choose her autumn gown before the chill winds of the fall of the year reduce her to misery in the shape of colds and coughs. The purveyors of fashion are aware that we need dress materials in good time, and replenish their shelves accordingly. "Drap découpé," or, in English, "perforated cloth," is to be one of the leading fashions of the near future. In the simpler form of a regular series of round holes embroidered in buttonhole-stitch all over the cloth, it is to be obtained by the yard, to be applied to plain cloths in harmonising or contrasting colours at the dressmaker's option. But it principally appears after the fashion of the embroidered muslins of the by-gone summer, all ready cut and shaped to make up into a skirt by the simple placing of it on a foundation and

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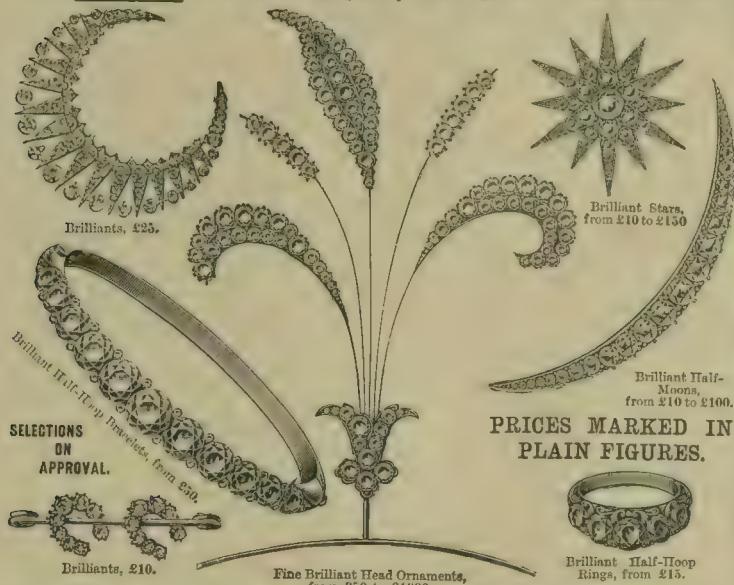


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waist-belt; and with the bodice material also worked to a definite design, such as a bolero of embroidery to go over a plain cloth pleated vest, or a yoke and shoulder-revers of embroidery to use with under-bodices of plain cloth fulled into the waist. In these "embroidered robes" there are innumerable varieties of patterns. Some of great elaboration and beauty cost eight or ten pounds just as they are—silk lining and making still needing to be further supplied; but then, in the hands of a clever modiste, such a "robe" will turn out an exceedingly handsome dress; so, though the price of the cloth or cashmere may seem a little high, it is really a good investment if well chosen. At Peter Robinson's you need not feel any special anxiety about the choice, for every "robe" is in good taste, and good value for its particular price.

Of course taste must still preside over the dressmaker's handiwork. For instance, the lining will of necessity be of a different colour from the exterior, to show up the "perforations." Well, it will make all the difference imaginable if proper care is given to choosing, say the right shade of yellow to place under a blue material, or the best tone of green to lighten a brown exterior, or the vivid green that will harmonise well with a deep blue of the "drap decoupeé." Fringe is introduced into some of the better "robes" of this class, and from the point of view of appearance and up-to-dateness, I would counsel the choice of a fringed design. Silk and chenille fringes are to appear on the best dresses, and the use of some gives a newness of effect that is invaluable; but it is not at all a knockabout trimming, catching easily on any projecting points, and wearing into a draggled, straggling untidiness before it has borne much service: so the use to be made of a dress must be taken into account before buying fringe. Tinsel is sparingly introduced into some of the "robe" designs, too.

Turning to the ordinary materials, black is to be much worn, in mixtures of silk and wool matelassé, and in velvet and silk. The latter—the velvet designs standing up on the silk ground—are very effective and handsome materials. Silk and wool, too, are much used in mixtures that are not brocaded or patterned, the one fabric contributing gloss and softness, while the other supplies substance and wearing qualities to the partnership. The latest material in this harmonious marriage of two complementary sets of qualities is called "côte-de-soie," the surface having as far as possible a monopoly of the silk; the material so named is not unlike crêpe-de-Chine in appearance, but is far more solid and durable. The ribbed mixture known as wool poplin is also to be seen in many good colours.

Mantles also demand early attention from the prudent; and the styles are fixed comparatively early in each season. There is to be absolute liberty to suit one's own taste in regard to the length of a wrap this year; for full length, three-quarter length, and very short coats are all equally



AN EVENING WRAP OF WHITE CLOTH TRIMMED WITH JET AND SILVER.

correct. For a tall, slender figure the three-quarter length, as the most novel, is to be recommended; but it is not a favourable length for the stout of any height or for the short of any figure. Trained evening dresses seem to demand trained cloak, and this desire Fashion is considerably according to necessity. The newest design for evening wear is a coat, cut loose at the back, just sloped to follow the waist, but not fitting to the figure anywhere; while the back and sides shape themselves gracefully into quite a pronounced train. Messrs. Peter Robinson have an excellent design of such an evening wrap in black satin trimmed with white lace, which is embroidered on to the satin with jet and black chenille. The lace design is in two distinct varieties of the dainty needlework; there is a trailing design of flowers and sprays of leaf in guipure, worked on with jet; then close beside there is a series of large leaves in Brussels point, veined with chenille. This unique trimming outlines the cloak from the neck right down to the ground, and follows round the train to the back; white chiffon forms the storm-collar, and ostrich-feather edging tips it. This is a garment in the grand manner, so to speak. Likewise styled (and costly) is a little jacket for carriage wear, in length just turning the waist, where it ends in a series of tabs. The material is black velvet worked over with tiny steel beads, each standing by itself, though in closely set lines. It has a large, high-collared pelerine of chinchilla, down beside which, and also around the armholes and forming a sort of deep belt at the back of the waist, is the very finest kind of jet passementerie, laid over white velvet that shows it up. An evening cloak of cerise satin, embroidered all over with white ribbon-work and finished with a robe down the front and a deep flounce of mink tail, is an example of a three-quarter-length evening coat. Sleeves are generally found in evening mantles now; and, as in the case of this cerise one, they are often wide, bell-shaped at the cuffs. The rage for black and white is unabated; white lace relieves black satin and velvet, and white satin is used to face revers and form bands of insertion in the midst of a black satin or velvet coat. A smart three-quarter-length mantle for either day or evening wear is made in three tiers of black satin, with a band of white satin covered with guipure between each; an ornament in jet lightened with a few steel sequins intermixed trims the shoulders and all up the outside of the storm-collar, the inside of the latter being lined with white chiffon and having ostrich-feathers edging it. Fringe appears on the new mantles as well as on gowns. It is usually of chenille on the cloaks, and in more than one smart model covers nearly the whole garment with a wide-meshed network; for instance, a blue mirror velvet mantle is almost veiled with a network of black chenille fringe.

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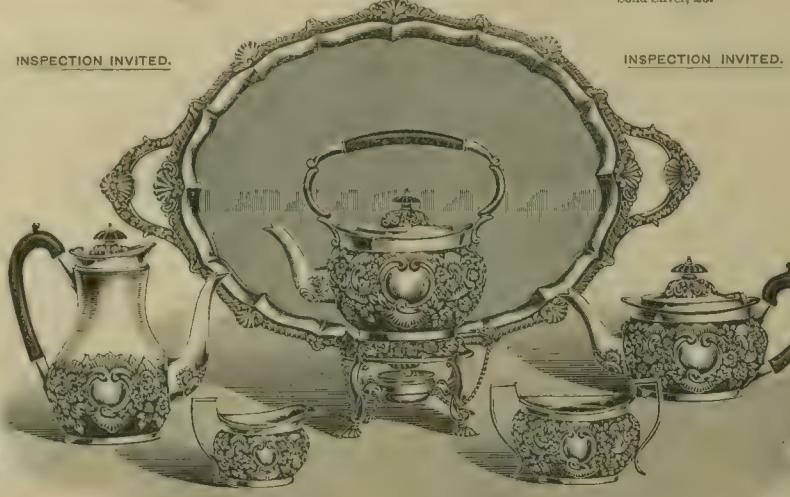


Best Electro-Plated Sauce-Boat, Gadroon Mounts, £1 15s. Solid Silver, £3.



Solid Silver Entrée Dish, convertible to Two Dishes by removing Handle, £16.

INSPECTION INVITED.



New Registered Design Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Handsomely Chased and Engraved Floral Pattern, comprising Tea-Pot, Coffee-Pot, Sugar-Bowl, and Cream-Ewer, £21.

Kettle with Stand and Lamp, £16 15s.

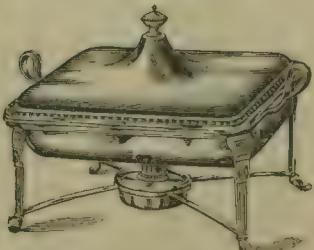
Tray, length 22 in., £20 15s.

A Magnificent Selection of Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Services in stock, from £13 15s.

It will be to the advantage of EVERY INTENDING PURCHASER OF TABLE PLATE to inspect the Company's Stock or write for their NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, before deciding elsewhere.

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.

**Goods Forwarded
on Approval.**



Best Electro-Plated Hash-Dish, with Hot-Water Division, £5. Solid Silver, £14 10s.

Best Electro-Plated Octagon Dish or Breakfast Dish, £6 10s. Solid Silver, £17.

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Telephone: 3729.

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Telegrams: "Argenon, London."

Strength

attained and maintained
by



The cultivation of physical strength is one of the factors in our nation's supremacy. Early training in athletics, and the universal indulgence in healthy outdoor sports and pastimes, coupled with more enlightened ideas as to dietary and sanitation, are working wonders for the physical well-being of our race. One of the greatest strength-makers of the age is Bovril, because it contains in the most concentrated form all the flesh-forming constituents of prime ox beef in a form easy of digestion and assimilation by the feeblest invalid—an unparalleled combination of the nourishing and stimulating properties of the best of flesh foods. Hence its unique value as a means of increasing vitality and maintaining physical strength. Bovril is a nutrient of absolute purity.



A LADY WRITES—

"We have been trying many polishes for cleaning our silver and brass work, but my servants have complained bitterly of all excepting your GLOBE POLISH.

"They insist upon having it.

"They certainly clean silver and brass work better with it than with any other, and more expeditiously.

"Another fact which I find greatly pleases them with it is that it does not injure the skin of their hands in any way, as some polishes do."

The original of this unsolicited testimonial has been deposited with our Advertising Agents, Messrs. H. Dawson & Co., 34, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., who guarantee its genuineness.

GLOBE POLISH IS SOLD EVERYWHERE

RAIMES & CO.,

5, Philpot Lane, London, E.C.,
or Stockton-on-Tees.



Yes, Sir !!

Tortoiseshell Mixture

is what I smoke.

It is a mixture of pure Tobaccos, scientifically blended, free from added scent, flavouring, or sugar, which only spoil the natural aroma of the natural leaf. It differs entirely from any tobacco hitherto put before the public. Give it a trial. Sold in 1 ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce Tortoiseshell tins.

The 1lb. and 2lb. Tins are recommended for keeping the Tobacco in Good Condition.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c., says: "Pure tobacco is as essential a condition for the smoker as pure food and pure air . . . and your Tortoiseshell Mixture is absolutely pure and makes a cool and fragrant smoke."

Ask at all First-Class Tobacconists, Stores, &c.

Manufactured & Guaranteed by W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, IPSWICH, LONDON & NORWICH. Est. 1790.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
C. F. PAYNE (Bengal).—Both your problems are accepted, and we must confess that for a first attempt we have never seen anything to equal that sent at the end of July.

H. C. SLATER, R.N. (Farnborough).—The Black King cannot go on the square you mention. The rule wants amplification. The King cannot move on to any square commanded by a hostile piece, whether that piece is free to move or not.

L. SPAIBROOK.—See answer to H. C. Slater above.

E. J. WINTER WOOD.—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and your contribution is acknowledged with thanks.

G. J. HUNTER AND O. COLE.—Much obliged.

R. S. NEWSTEWART.—It was published by Trübner some years ago, and is now out of print.

H. D. O'BERRYARD.—The game is very well played by White, but the weakness on the other side brings the game below the standard of publication. There must be a certain quality of play on both sides.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2891 received from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. Harrison (Liverpool), C. E. Pergolini, H. S. Bradburn (Ivan), T. G. (Warrington), T. G. Hughes (Homburg), F. J. B. (Hampstead), Sorrento, Edith Corser (Royston), H. Le Jeune, Marcella (Cambridge), T. Roberts, Reginald Gordon (Kennington), Shadforth, F. W. Moore (Bognor), W. H. Bohn (Worthing), R. W. W. (Canterbury), Bruno Feist (Cologne), Alpha, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Rev. A. Mays (Belford), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), L. Pentland, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), G. Cole (Swansea), J. H. Warburton Leo (Whitchurch), Charles Burnett, and Hereward.

CHESS IN DENMARK.

Game played in a Tournament at Copenhagen between Messrs. C. Rydberg and H. Krause.

By Lopez.

| WHITE (Mr. R.) | BLACK (Mr. K.) | WHITE (Mr. R.) | BLACK (Mr. K.) |
|--|-----------------|---------------------|--|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 2. P to K 3rd | Kt to Q 3rd |
| 3. B to K 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 4. B to K 4th | Kt to K 5th |
| 5. B to K 5th | Kt to K 4th | 6. Kt to K sq | Kt to Q 3rd |
| 7. B to Q 3rd | P to K 2nd | 8. R takes Kt | Q to Q 4th |
| A pawn is taken on the 10th move. The game is drawn. | 9. P to K 3rd | 9. K to Q 4th | Queen if either K or Q takes K. White's King is in check, and if K takes Q, he is threatened with Q to R 8th (ch), followed by R to K sq (ch). The game at this point is full of interest. |
| 10. P to K 4th | P to Q 3rd | 11. P to K 5th | P to B 5th |
| 12. P to K 6th | P to K 4th | 13. Q R to K sq | P to Q 3rd |
| 14. R (K 6th) to K 2 | Kt to K 3rd | 15. Kt to Q sq | P to B 5th |
| 16. P to K 3rd | P to K 2nd | 17. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd |
| 18. Q to K 5th | Q takes B | 19. P to K 5th | P to K 6th |
| 20. P to K 6th | Q takes K | 21. P to K 7th | R takes K |
| 22. Q to K 8th | Q to K 7th (ch) | 23. R to K 6th | B to B 4th (ch) |
| 24. Q to K 8th | Q to K 7th (ch) | 25. R to B 4th | R to K 5th |
| 26. R to Q 6th | B to Q 5th | 27. R to Q 6th | B to Q 4th |
| 28. R takes P (ch) K to K sq | | 29. R to Q 5th | |
| It is curious that Black would lose his | | 30. K to Q 3rd | |
| | | 31. K to K 2nd | |
| | | 32. B to K 4th | |
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| | | 36. K to B 3rd | |
| | | 37. K to Q 3rd | |
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| | | 41. K to K 2nd | |
| | | 42. Q takes B | |
| | | 43. K to K 4th | |
| | | 44. R to Q 5th (ch) | |
| | | 45. R to Q 7th (ch) | |
| | | 46. Q to Q 6th | |
| | | 47. R to Q 8th | |
| | | 48. R takes R | |
| | | 49. Kt P takes P | |
| | | 50. K to B 3rd | |
| | | 51. K to Q 3rd | |
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the electric-light plant, steam and gas engines, the furniture and consumable stores, his library of scientific works, and the Copley gold medal to his son Percy Faraday Frankland; his Order and Collar of the Bath and the Royal Gold Medal to his son Frederick William Frankland; the silver duplicate of the Royal Gold Medal to his daughter Mrs. Sophie Jeanette Colenso; the Wilde gold medal to his daughter Mrs. Margaret Nanny West; £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Ellen Dorothy Frankland and Catherine Frances Helga Frankland; £200 each to his executors and his cousin Alice Silverwood; £500 each to his unmarried daughters; £2000 to his secretary Jane Lund; £500 to his assistant William Thomas Burgess; and his jewels, plate, and pictures between his six children. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Frederick William Frankland, Mrs. Margaret Nanny West, and Mrs. Sophie Jeanette Colenso.

The will (dated June 23, 1892), with two codicils (dated Dec. 13, 1892, and May 8, 1893), of Sir Charles Lennox Peel, G.C.B., of Woodcroft, Cuckfield, and 96, Eaton Square, Clerk to the Privy Council, who died on

Aug. 19, was proved on Sept. 25 by George Arthur Peel and Horace Peel, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £104,379. The testator gives £5000 and a portrait of the first Sir Robert Peel, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to his son George Arthur; £2500 to his daughter Cecilia Georgiana, if unmarried at the time of his death; £100 each to the Sussex County Hospital, the Brighton Female Orphan Asylum, and to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Cuckfield for such church or other charitable purpose as they may think fit; £50 per annum to Anne Meredith for life; his plate with the Peel crest between his sons; legacies to servants; and specific gifts of paintings to his brother Colonel Cecil Lennox Peel, his sister Constance Augusta Peel, his brother-in-law Lord Templemore, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Miss Jane Gordon. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares between his children.

The will (dated July 4, 1898), with three codicils (dated Aug. 4, 1898, and Jan. 18 and March 8, 1899), of Miss Emma Lucy Flemming, of 16, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, who died on April 15, has been proved

by William Horsley and William Alexander Weightman, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £103,458. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Blind Pension Society; £3000 to the Bexhill Convalescent Home; £3000 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £5000 to the Westminster Hospital; £3000 to the Middlesex Hospital; £2000 to the London City Mission; £3000 to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton; £2000 to the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital; £1000 to the Providence Row Night Refuge; £1000 to the Newport Market Refuge; £1000 to the Poplar Hospital for Accidents; and £500 each to the Asylum for Teaching the Blind (Kennington) and to Miss Agnes Weston's Home for Sailors (Portsmouth). She also gives £4000 to Amelia Martin; £6000 Gas Light and Coke Company's stock to Mrs. West; £1000 upon trust, for Alexander Flemming Ramuz; £1000 each to her executors; £1000 and her furniture to George Newman; and a few specific gifts. The residue of her property she leaves to the London Hospital and Guy's Hospital in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1896) of Mr. Ernest Arthur Brocklehurst, of Barnsdale, near Oakham, Rutland, who

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates.

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MAKERS OF IMPROVED LUNCHEON-BASKETS

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"EN ROUTE" TEA-BASKET

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

2-Person (With Silver-Plated Kettle) £2 17s. 6d.
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S.E. (Other of these sizes) £1 10s. 6d. to £2 17s. 6d.

7s. 6d. 14-person size, £6 10s. extra to above prices.

Each carefully packed to all parts of the world.

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foreigner may sneer at the enthusiasm of our Volunteer Forces, and imagine that in actual warfare they would be of

LITTLE

use, but there is no doubt that in all our recent difficulties, and they have been many, the fact that the

BRITISH ARMY

is so well prepared for any contingency has made our very doubtful friends and would-be enemies pause before insulting or annoying us too far, but it

GOES

without saying that, to remain strong, we must keep healthy. A person suffering from Indigestion, Biliousness, and general ill-health often declares that life is

A —

burden, and he imagines nothing will set him right. Let him, however, purchase a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS and try them, and he will soon have cause to wonder why he suffered so

LONG

and unnecessarily when such a complete remedy exists, as it were, almost at his door. In this

WAY

he will realise beyond all doubt the truth of that old saying that "Beecham's Pills are Worth a Guinea a Box."

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It is of interest, in this connection, to note that more than half the purchasers of "The Times" Reprint of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" failed to act upon just such an intimation as this. More than 9000 waited until after the price of the Encyclopaedia had been increased, paying, at last, more money for precisely the same article. The best way to avoid such a mistake in the case of the CENTURY DICTIONARY is to order the book to-day. A preliminary payment of but one guinea is the only outlay to be made in order to secure a copy of the limited edition at the introductory price, but the order should be sent without loss of time.

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who now think the Protestant basis a mistake are entitled to break their contract with the State by introducing illegal Catholic ritual. These questions, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, claim priority of attention, and must be settled before such other questions as the autonomy of the Church are considered. Mr. Taylor is not sure whether Dis-establishment would check clerical aggression, although he thinks it would certainly be preferable to the continued establishment of what may become practically a Roman Catholic Church.

A special meeting of Synods of the united dioceses of Limerick, Ardfern, and Aghadoe has been held for the purpose of electing a Bishop as successor to the late Dr. Graves. The several votes were taken, and ultimately eighty-three were given for the Archdeacon of Ardfern and eighty-one for the Dean of Limerick. As neither candidate had received a two-thirds majority of the orders voting, it was decided to send forward both names to the Bench of Bishops, with whom the appointment now rests. It is understood that either candidate would be generally acceptable to the dioceses, and it is thought better to have a Bishop thoroughly at home in his own country, unless it

were possible, as it is not always possible, to secure a very distinguished man from the outside.

A Lightfoot Aisle has been consecrated at St. Margaret's, Braemar. It is in memory of the late scholar Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who spent many of his summers in this delightful Highland village. The aisle will hold sixty worshippers, and will be used as a winter chapel.

The attendance at the meetings of the Baptist Union in Leeds were the largest on record. Six thousand persons gathered to hear the Rev. Dr. Parker preach the Union sermon. Not one half were able to obtain admission.—V.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery—and through them the nation at large—are to be congratulated on the Shelley Bequest, which for the first time brings together the members of this gifted family. The only portrait hitherto possessed by the nation was that of William Godwin, painted by H. W. Pickersgill, and purchased by the Trustees at the sale of the artist's works, suggesting that the author of "Political Justice" and "Caleb Williams" was not popular among picture-buyers.

The Gallery now, under the will of the late Lady Shelley, becomes possessed of the portrait of Percy Bysshe Shelley, painted in 1819 at Rome by Miss Curran, a daughter of the Irish statesman, and that by which the poet is best known to posterity. This picture, which nearly escaped being burnt, was at first condemned by Mrs. Shelley; and Miss Curran, believing that the Shelley family did not value it, was on the point of destroying it. The portrait shows even now the marks of the flames from which it was happily snatched; for although the work of a scarcely trained amateur, it is the best likeness of Shelley in existence. The portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the poet's wife, was painted more than twenty years later by Richard Rothwell, a promising pupil and imitator of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who might have attained distinction had his habits been less erratic. The third portrait of the bequest is that of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, Mary Shelley's mother, painted by John Opie, R.A., for William Godwin shortly after their marriage, and not long before Mary's death. The remaining portrait is that of William Godwin by James Northcote, R.A., who was a portrait-painter *malgré lui*.

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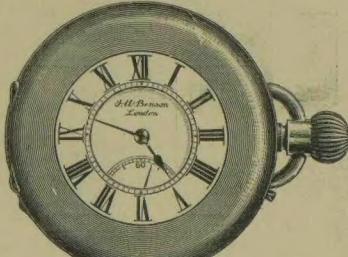
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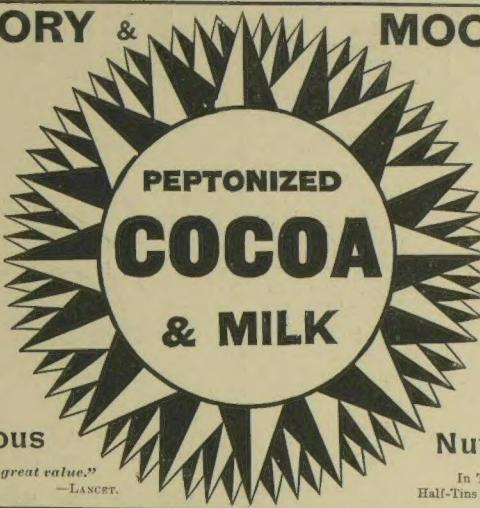
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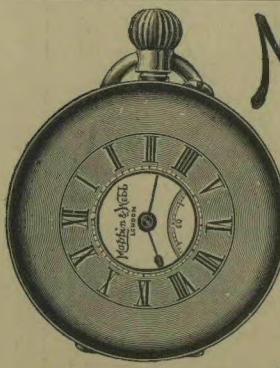


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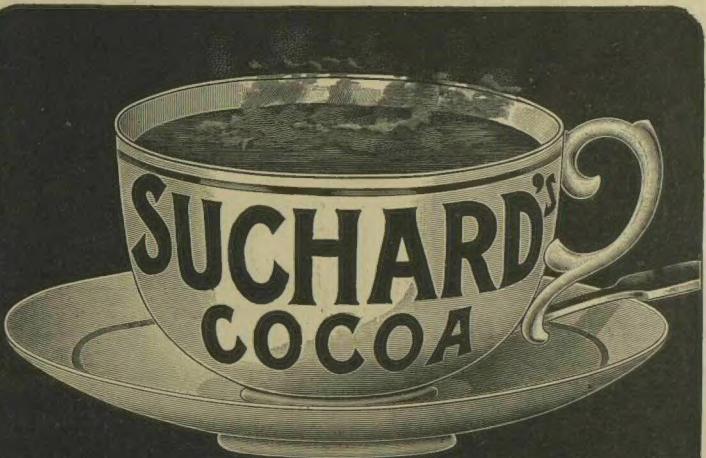
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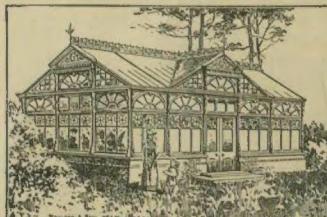
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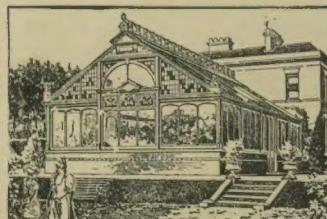
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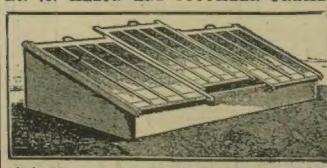
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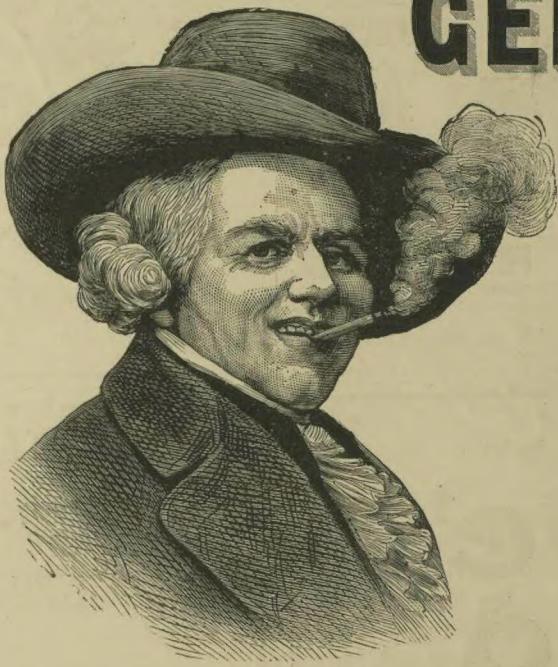


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